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MAY 19, 1958

THE TEXAN WHO CONQUERED RUSSIA

TIME

MAGAZINE



R. VICKREY

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VOL. LXXI NO. 20

CONVAIR-Astronautics' ATLAS ...the free world's first ICBM

From Cape Canaveral came the news...CONVAIR AND THE AIR FORCE HAVE SUCCESSFULLY TEST-
FLOWN THE ATLAS INTERCONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MISSILE. This momentous accomplishment has
assured the U.S. Air Force a vital weapon for our national security and a key to ultimate peace. The free world's
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For today's new patterns in living...

New designs for financial security from New York Life!



Modern Whole Life Policy meets a lifetime's changing needs—gives \$10,000 family protection now, retirement income later!



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New York Life's Whole Life insurance is designed for the needs of *today*—geared to the changes of *tomorrow*. Its \$10,000 minimum face amount assures your family immediate and substantial cash, if you should die. If you live, Whole Life steadily builds cash and loan values available in an emergency. Then, when you reach retirement age, and no longer need insurance protection, Whole Life can pay you a regular monthly income *for the rest of your life!*

Most important, premiums for Whole Life leave room in your budget for other things you

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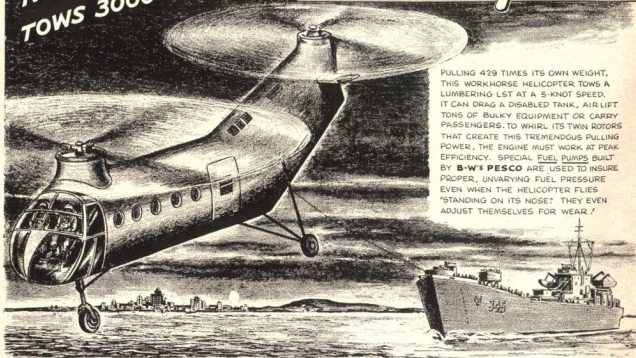


New York Life Insurance Company

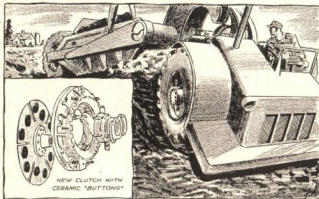
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NEW CLUTCH WITH CERAMIC "BUTTONS"

NEW CLUTCH THAT CAN'T BURN OUT! GIANT EARTH-MOVERS, WORKING NIGHT AND DAY TO BUILD OUR INTERSTATE SYSTEM, HIGHWAYS, ARE TOUGH ON CLUTCHES, CONSTANT STARTING AND STOPPING UNDER LOAD BUILDS UP FRICTION HEAT THAT CAN BURN UP ORDINARY CLUTCH FRINGS. SOLVING THIS PROBLEM IS THE NEW MORLIFE* CLUTCH FROM B-W'S ROCKFORD CLUTCH. CERAMIC BUTTONS FORM A GRIPPING SURFACE THAT IS UNAFFECTED EVEN BY EXTREME HEAT. THE CLUTCH NEVER SLIPS-- LASTS 400% LONGER.



WASHINGTON NOW GIVES TAXPAYERS COOLER THINKING ON HOT ISSUES! TO HELP OUR LAWMAKERS WORK COMFORTABLY IN HOT WEATHER THE U.S. CAPITOL AND SEVEN SURROUNDING GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS ARE NOW COOLED BY A SINGLE AIR CONDITIONING SYSTEM-- THE LARGEST EVER BUILT. AT THE HEART OF THE SYSTEM ARE FOUR 2200-TON REFRIGERATION COMPRESSORS FROM B-W'S YORK. THEY PROVIDE CHILLED WATER WHICH IS USED FOR AIR COOLING AT THE RATE OF 39,600 GALLONS PER MINUTE.

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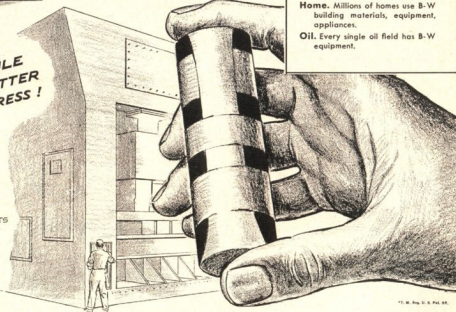
OVER 200,000 MENTALLY ILL RESTORED TO HEALTH LAST YEAR!

ONCE THOUGHT TO BE HOPELESS, MENTAL ILLNESS IS NOW BEING CONQUERED IN AN EVER LARGER PERCENTAGE OF CASES. AUTHORITIES REPORT 7 OUT OF 10 CASES CAN BE RESTORED TO HAPPY, USEFUL LIVING. NEW DRUGS, THERAPY AND BETTER UNDERSTANDING HAVE MADE THIS POSSIBLE. BUT PREVENTING MENTAL ILLNESS IS BETTER THAN CURES. NEW FREE BOOKLET GIVES HELPFUL INFORMATION. WRITE FOR "HOW TO DEAL WITH YOUR TENSIONS," BOX 2500, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.



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- Timing chains
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LETTERS

National Sport

Sir:

I found your "Walter in Wonderland" story [about O'Malley and the Dodgers—April 28] interesting, amusing and, most of all, clarifying as to why "Dem Bums" took off for Los Angeles.

MIRIAM A. WOLF

Bethesda, Md.

Sir:

To me, O'Malley is merely a shrewd operator who holds personal gain above loyalty to the people of Brooklyn and above the good name of baseball.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH

Haverford, Pa.

Sir:

If Walter O'Malley were really shrewd, he would convert the Coliseum into an outdoor movie house when the Dodgers are out of town. With a built-in 42-ft. screen it should be a natural.

GORDON LAWRENCE

Melrose Park, Pa.

Sir:

Shouldn't the story have been in the Business section?

TED GARBARCZYK

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

Give us back our Coliseum so U.S.C. can field the nation's best track teams before the nation's largest track and field crowds.

DICK GILBERT

University of Southern California
Los Angeles

Sir:

Your cover portrait of Walter O'Malley will furnish me with an ideal dart board.

HILTON N. RAHN JR.

Phillipsburg, N.J.

The Music Man

Sir:

Time's report [April 21] of Van Cliburn's excellence in the Tchaikovsky international music festival was most sympathetic. A bouquet of gorgeous Texas roses should go to his mother—his only teacher prior to his going to Juilliard.

CLARENCE F. DICKOFF

Medford, Wis.

Sir:

Well, the U.S. was a little slow getting the satellite into space, evidently lost the

propaganda race on the banning of nuclear weapons, can't wrestle, but it sure as hell can play the piano.

F. G. GUIRE

Managua, Nicaragua

Holy Wedlock

Sir:

Regarding married students in seminary [TIME, April 28]: I am in a leading seminary, happily married, with one child, and I disagree with *Christian Century*. Married students get more from their schooling than the unfortunate unmarried students. A wife is much more of a help than a hindrance.

L. B. HINDS

Philadelphia

Sir:

Before our marriage my husband spent his seminary "freedom" trying desperately to maintain his marks, earn his way financially, and see me on weekends. After our marriage his marks soared, he immediately gained weight, lost nervous tension, ceased smoking, and experienced financial security.

ELAINE C. MATTHEWS

East Orange, N.J.

Sir:

Bah! If we wait until we're out of seminary, we'll be sterile.

LEONARD HATCH

Eastern Baptist College
St. Davids, Pa.

A Matter of Taste

Sir:

Bravo for the "Keep It Simple" article on autos [noting consumer rebellion against "ostentatious ornamentation"—April 21]. We have formed a club. The theme: "I will never buy a car—even one-inch-longer-than-my-present-one." Mine is a 1955 Chrysler.

ISABEL GRAYSON

Bridgewater, Conn.

Sir:

Is it a crime to want a car with size, flashy styling, comfort and performance? I don't care to be jammed into a small, uncomfortable, stodgy toy that looks like it was designed by a Black Forest elf.

WILLIAM F. FIELD

North Miami Beach, Fla.

Sandwich in the Sky

Sir:

It would be a shame to have airlines such as Scandinavian Airlines, Swissair, Air France, and KLM Royal Dutch Airlines cut

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May 19, 1958

Volume LXXI
Number 20

TIME, MAY 19, 1958

There are some valves that Crane doesn't make



but Crane makes more valves



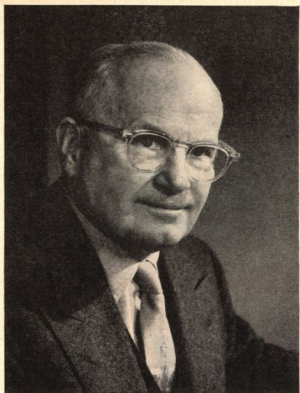
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The J. L. Hudson Company
(Nationally known Detroit department store)

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Blue Cross adapts easily to employee benefit "packages" Adds value to pension plans, too. Employees may keep Blue Cross when they leave or retire.

Protects at low cost. All money received by Blue Cross Plans, except for low expenses and required reserves, is set aside to pay for hospital care. Last year alone, Blue Cross subscribers received more than one billion dollars' worth of hospital care.

For full facts on a more efficient and effective hospitalization protection program for your company, contact your local Blue Cross Plan. Or write *Blue Cross Association, Inc., Dept. 424, 55 East 34th St., New York 16, N.Y.*

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down on their high caliber of service (which is typical of European hospitality) in order for Pan American to compete successfully with their version of typical United States hospitality (TIME, April 21).

JACK PAKOZDI

East Lansing, Mich.

Sir:

If the "World's Most Experienced Airline" was so experienced, it would not have to be afraid of a sandwich. One cannot fill a stomach with experience but a good sandwich can do marvels.

DENNIS PH. HAMEL

Beirut, Lebanon

Edifice Complex

Sir:

Re the Soviet and U.S. pavilions at the Brussels Fair (April 28): Has Mother Russia given this country an edifice complex?

JERI RYAN

Chicago

Maserati's Management

Sir:

The article entitled "Maserati Off the Track," published in TIME, April 14, contains statements which are untrue and highly prejudicial to Maserati and to us.

Maserati is an industrial concern of Modena, Italy, which has established an outstanding reputation as a manufacturer of precision tools and automobiles. Your statements that Maserati President Adolfo Orsi owed Credito Italiano, an Italian bank, \$15,600, that he wrote a check with no funds to cover it and that the bank asked that he be declared bankrupt are untrue. So is your statement that Credito Italiano "sent the shamed Orsi into hiding"; we have been for many years and still are openly and actively engaged in the management of Maserati. No bankruptcy petition was ever instituted against Maserati or us; none of the company's assets have been impounded, and the Argentine and Spanish governments have lived up to their engagements towards Maserati. We have never offered an interest in Maserati to Juan Manuel Fangio, the famous Argentine driver, and we continue in active control of the company.

To strengthen its financial position, Maserati has applied under Italian law for so-called "controlled management." Pursuant to this temporary proceeding we retain full management of Maserati, and the company continues normal operation without interruption. Facilities for the production of the luxury model Maserati Gran Turismo 3500 are operating at full capacity and are being expanded to meet increasing demands from all parts of the world; sales of the new car in the U.S. are developing rapidly.

ADOLFO ORSI

President

OMAR ORSI

Executive Director

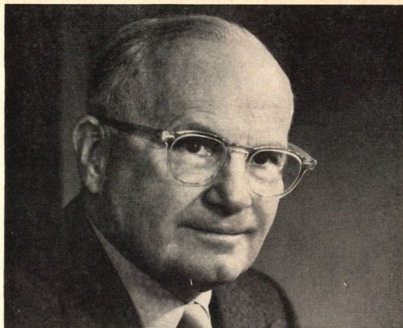
Officine Alfieri Maserati S.p.A.
Modena, Italy

¶ TIME erred. Fortnight ago Maserati's creditors approved the controlled-management plan, under which the company can get a moratorium on debts for a stated period and can revamp its credit structure through procedures similar to those used by U.S. corporations that are not insolvent.—Ed.

Thoughts of School

Sir:

Three cheers for your courageous fight against the muddleheaded American "educationalists" (April 21). It appears to me that the watering-down of the standards in the



OSCAR WEBBER, President of The J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit, says,

*"To complete their coverage our employees buy **BLUE SHIELD** for the valuable help it gives them on doctor bills."*

"Our employees like the efficient way Blue Shield and physicians work together in making available realistic medical-surgical-maternity benefits. That's why they have been supporters of Blue Shield so many years."

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Sponsored by doctors in their own local areas . . . Blue Shield Plans help people meet surgical-medical-maternity expense most realistically.

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American high schools poses a greater long-range danger to this country than the armed might of Soviet Russia.

F. O. GULBRANDSEN

San Diego

Sir:

As a teachers' college professor who has had numerous opportunities lately to utilize *TIME's* Education section for bulletin-board material, I was disappointed at not finding this section in the April 28 issue.

THEODORE H. RUPP

Lancaster, Pa.

Sir:

When I was of school age, I was progressively interested in hunting, fishing, alcohol and sex. To follow Educators Hamalainen and Thompson (of the A.S.C.D. of the N.E.A.) to a logical conclusion: it was very foolish of my teachers to waste my time on English and mathematics.

DAVID J. HAMM

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

Just keep pulling the sacred cow's tail until even the "educationists" must admit it doesn't give milk.

CLIFFORD V. LOCHNAAS

Red Bud, Ill.

Cinemarvelous

Sir:

Orchids to *TIME* for the April 21 cover story on cinemarvelous Alec Guinness. Orchids to Alec Guinness for being one entertainer who chose the confessional rather than the couch.

RICHARD P. PETTY

Detroit

Proselytizing Jews

Sir:

Re Reinhold Niebuhr's recommendation that Christians cease proselytizing Jews [April 21]: I am certain that the Holy Spirit now sees what a foolish and intolerant act it was to convert a good Jew like Saul of Tarsus to such a narrowminded religion as Christianity.

PAUL OTIS EVANS

Pastor

Trinity Methodist Church

Highland Park, N.J.

Education & the Admiral

Sir:

I'm in complete agreement with Admiral Rickover's views on our educational system's drawbacks [*TIME*, April 28], where bright and gifted young children do not get the special attention they deserve.

ISRAEL DEMSKY

Brooklyn

Sir:

If Admiral Rickover will stand behind the atomic submarine as his contribution to the future of mankind, I will stand behind this year's crop of "life-adjusted" graduates.

ROBERT D. WEBB

Principal

Harvel Grade School

Harvel, Ill.

Sir:

Last summer I had an opportunity to see an atomic reactor. I have an idea that I know about as much about atomic power and atomic submarines as Admiral Rickover does about how children learn. If he studied the problem, he might find that the mind and personality of a child are just about as complex as an atomic submarine.

R. C. LEE

Henderson, Texas



ONLY FROM PLYMOUTH: THE BROADWAY LOOK AT A MAIN STREET PRICE

Plymouth Belvedere 3-door hardtop.

When you pick your beautiful new Plymouth, with all its glamour, you actually choose from *some of the lowest-price models in the low-price 3.*

But one thing is certain as you drive out in quiet pride—you are in command of a glorious combination of years-ahead beauty and advanced engineering features that no other car in Plymouth's field can match!

In your Plymouth, you own the big exclusives that are making car history. *Silver Dart Styling*, with sweeping, distinctively graceful *Stabilizer Fins* that make highway travel easier and safer. The revolutionary floating ease of *Torsion-Aire Ride*... Plymouth's top luxury ride at not a penny extra cost. Safer, surer *Total-Contact Brakes*. And five great engine options... including the fabulous *Golden*

Commando V-8... created by the world's finest power-engineers!

There's *more* than getting "more for your money" in owning Plymouth. Add to the dollars you save the knowledge that one of the world's greatest cars is yours. Don't settle for less. No matter what your budget is, there's a Plymouth to fit... as your Plymouth dealer will show you... today!



★ Star of the Forward Look...

Plymouth



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For enjoying Old Forester...for a conversation piece...for decorative uses...we offer you this 160-ounce, hand-blown crystal glass snifter, at a fraction of its cost. Ask your retailer for details.

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TIME, MAY 19, 1958

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

ON a billboard in front of Manhattan's Carnegie Hall is a picture of a blue-eyed, shock-haired Texan, partly obscured by a green-lettered streamer: SOLD OUT. Long before the concert was scheduled, Berlin-based Musicologist Paul Moor, a onetime professional pianist himself, went to Moscow to cover the Tchaikovsky International Competition for TIME, soon began to file glowing reports about 23-year-old Van Cliburn's performances, and his triumph as a winner of the first piano prize. At the request of Cliburn's parents, Moor became a kind of ex-officio manager of Van's, traveled with him constantly, collecting research and protecting him from the constant demands on his time. The two soon found that they had a lot in common: Moor grew up in Texas not far from Van; each had studied piano with a pupil of Arthur Friedheim's, who in turn was a pupil of Liszt's. For this week's cover story, Moor sent TIME's editors the tapes of the prize-winning Moscow performance, and 66 pages of research on life with Van Cliburn. Meantime, correspondents in the U.S. and Western Europe talked to the people who had been close to Van: his parents, his teachers, his childhood friends, his musical associates. In Manhattan, Music Editor Richard Murphy and Researcher Rosemarie Tauris (whose husband is a conductor) interviewed musicians, managers, Juilliard teachers and friends. For Dick Murphy's story about the music sensation of the year, see **MUSIC, The All-American Virtuoso**.

ONCE when old Georges Clemenceau was accused of bringing down one French government after another, he retorted: "But it's always the same government." Perhaps it was then, but is it now? For TIME Correspondent



Godfrey Blunden's report on the tensions that grip Frenchmen as they search for a government—and their place in the 20th century—see **FOREIGN NEWS, Paris in the Spring**.

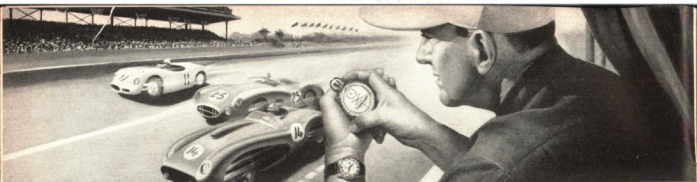
IN the foyer of the splashy, freshly decorated new Lunt-Fontanne Theater, champagne flowed at intermissions for white-tied first nighters. But on-stage, the gifted Lunts offered not their usual sparkling comedy but a dour drama about man's injustice to man, by fast-rising Swiss playwright Friedrich Dürrenmatt. *The Visit*, says TIME's review, is "as incredible and surreal, yet as bluntly precise and compelling, as a dream." See **THEATER**.

TO learn firsthand the story of Errett Lobban Cord's emergence as a Nevada politician, TIME's Los Angeles Bureau Chief Frank McCulloch flew into Reno, got the onetime auto tycoon's consent to a half-hour interview. But the meeting continued 5½ hours because Cord, now an Esmeralda County rancher, discovered that McCulloch had been raised on a ranch in Nevada's Lyon County. For what Returning Native McCulloch learned, see **NATIONAL AFFAIRS, The New-Model Cord**.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Third Imperative

The President of the U.S. grinned, joined heartily in renditions of *Sweet Adeline* and *My Old Kentucky Home* that rattled the ballroom chandeliers in Washington's staid Willard Hotel. But Dwight Eisenhower could hardly have been more serious when he finally stood up to speak to some 200 guests at a Republican National Committee dinner last week. Firmly and flatly, he placed the price of his endorsement of 1958 Republican congressional candidates at support for the three Administration programs he deemed "imperative" in meeting the challenge of Communism. The three: defense reorganization, mutual security and reciprocal trade.

Of the three, the foreign trade program was in the deepest trouble. Just how deep was indicated the day after the President's speech, when House Speaker Sam Rayburn summoned Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks to Capitol Hill. Also present at the closed-door meeting were House Republican Leader Joe Martin and Ways & Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills. Rayburn's grim warning to Weeks: the foreign trade bill faces total defeat in the House unless the Administration backs away from its insistence on a five-year extension and increased presidential tariff-cutting authority.

Rayburn supported his warning with figures. In 1955, he recalled, 128 Democrats joined with 65 Republicans to put across, by a single vote, the three-year reciprocal trade bill that expires this year. But in recession year 1958, with Congressmen worried about competition from foreign imports, a recent secret poll taken by Democratic House Whip Carl Albert showed only 90-plus Democrats willing to support the bill.

Behind Rayburn's warning also lay a political ploy, aimed at shifting the responsibility for diluting the reciprocal trade bill from the Democratic Congress to the Republican Administration. Rayburn's friend and protégé, Democrat Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, suffered a humiliating defeat when the House recently voted down a dole-type unemployment-compensation bill approved by his Ways & Means Committee (TIME, May 12). Hopeful of succeeding Rayburn as Speaker one day, Mills was desperately anxious to avoid even the possibility of a similar defeat. But as a longtime supporter of reciprocal trade, he was also anxious to

avoid the blame for gutting the Administration bill. He therefore appealed to Sam Rayburn for help in tossing the responsibility back to the Administration—and he got it in the form of the ultimatum to Commerce's Weeks.

Sinclair Weeks refused to cooperate. "We still want that bill," said he. But getting it was entirely another thing—and

hower stood bewildered while a procession of Junior Leaguers passed by murmuring their names—and ages.

These were among the more diverting moments of a week in which Dwight Eisenhower spent much of his time carrying out the ceremonial duties of his office. But there were somber, heartfelt moments, too, and one of them came when the Presi-



EISENHOWER & ALCORN SINGING AT G.O.P. DINNER
The Administration refused to change its tune.

Associated Press

if the 24-year-old reciprocal trade program, third and perhaps most important of Dwight Eisenhower's imperatives, was not to be killed or turned into a basket case, it would require all the political pressure the President could bring to bear.

THE PRESIDENCY

"It Inspired Me"

It was a moment of extraordinary crisis for the White House police officer. Waiting for President Eisenhower to greet them in the Rose Garden, two of the 416 delegates to the 36th annual conference of the Junior Leagues of America had got the flowers of their spring hats tangled together. There they stood, like two stag elks with antlers interlocked, while the red-faced officer gingerly but successfully untangled them.

A few minutes later the Junior Leaguers added another fascinating episode to White House history. As they trooped into the Blue Room to shake hands with Mamie Eisenhower, a staffer told one of their leaders: "Tell them to give their names to the aide." But somehow the word aide got garbled, and Mamie Eisen-

hower left his desk to present a "handicapped American of the year" award to Salt Lake City's Mrs. Louise Lake, a polio victim who became a professional physical therapist and, while using a wheelchair herself, has devoted her efforts to helping others out of theirs. Said the President of the U.S., obviously touched: "Last year, I recall, our outstanding physically handicapped citizen here was a lad in a wheelchair who made radios. I took home that radio, and it reminded me—it inspired me—to say to myself no matter how hard a man's job is, a man's will can do it so long as he is above ground. This year, and I think for the first time . . . we have a lady who has been named the outstanding citizen of those who are handicapped. I have read her story . . . The thrilling part of it was that as she went through the entire experience of developing herself to do something, her thought was always for others. She helped them."

Last week the President also:

¶ Told the Advertising Council, in an earnest off-the-cuff speech, that the Communist threat is measurably greater than a year ago. Said Ike: "Our prime need is still peace. Our great threat is still a dic-



ADMIRAL RADFORD
"It is high time . . .

tatorship that is insensitive to human values, that is tyrannical and will not give up its publicly announced purpose of subjugating the world . . . They have built up a tremendous military machine . . . using weapons of the most destructive power . . . They turn more and more to the economic, the political, the propaganda types of invasion of these other countries."

¶ Entertained Princess Astrid of Norway and Prince Bertil of Sweden at a White House luncheon featuring consommé madrilène, Cornish hen, fruit salad with Camembert cheese dressing, and pink champagne. Afterward Ike and Mamie showed them displays of the china used by past Presidents. The royal visitors were en route to Minnesota, 60% of whose citizens are of Scandinavian origin, to take part in the state's 100th anniversary celebration.

¶ Heard of Vice President Richard Nixon's stoning by agitators in Peru (see THE HEMISPHERE), commented admiringly: "Dick's got a lot of guts." Later, Ike dictated a warm personal message, which Acting Secretary of State Christian A. Herter relayed by radiophone as Nixon's party flew from Peru to Ecuador.

On the Rebound

President Eisenhower's popularity, down to an alltime low of 49% in April, is on the rebound. A Gallup poll survey on how Ike is doing his job drew this response last week:

Approve	54%
Disapprove	31%
No Opinion	15%

The survey attributed much of the President's upturn to his all-out fight for Pentagon reorganization. The public, concluded the pollsters, likes a President who exerts strong leadership.

THE CONGRESS

Pentagon Refitted: Act II

"All right, Gen'l," drawled Georgia Democrat Carl Vinson, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. "Come on." Replied Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Nathan F. Twining, trailing Vinson into the Congressman's private office: "Yes, sir." Twenty minutes later, Carl Vinson emerged, hat on head and cane in hand, and tossed a final instruction over his shoulder. "Fix it up," said he. "so I can read it tomorrow." With that, he went home, leaving Nate Twining to work on a revised version of the Eisenhower Administration's plan for reorganizing the Defense Department.

To all outward appearances, Armed Services Chairman Carl Vinson was still playing to the hilt his role as stalwart defender of the separate services against President Eisenhower's move to



Walter Bennett
REPRESENTATIVE CANNON
. . . we put an end . . .

ward centralizing Pentagon power. But in the week's most remarkable Capitol Hill development, what Twining was actually working on—with Vinson's full approval—was a compromise preserving the essentials of the Eisenhower plan.

"Great Trouble." Part of Congressman Vinson's reversal was practical recognition of increasing and impressive support for the reorganization plan. Before Vinson's committee last week came two respected military leaders who had learned of the difficulties and dangers of the present disjointed defense organization through their own experiences as chairmen of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

"I believe we must have simple and direct channels of command," said the Army's General Omar Bradley. "This proposed change will provide in being an organization in peacetime which is prepared to function immediately in case of war." Right behind Bradley came Admiral

Arthur Radford, a leader in the Navy's 1945-47 fight against military unification, who began changing his mind about reorganization during his 1953-57 terms as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. "I don't know what is coming in the next ten years," said Airman Radford, "but there are going to be tremendous changes. If we don't have a flexible organization—that is, if we don't have the ability to change our organization to meet changing circumstances—we can be in great trouble."

"Insane Bickering." The Eisenhower plan got still another big boost, this one from Missouri's bulb-nosed Democratic Congressman Clarence Cannon, 79, chairman of the potent House Appropriations Committee, and a man who considers himself every bit as much a military expert as Carl Vinson. Rising on the House floor, Cannon delivered an old-fashioned stem-winder. "Who is better qualified," demanded Democrat Cannon, "in training, experience, and capacity than General Eisenhower? When it comes to military affairs involving the safety of the people and the survival of our form of government, he is a general, and I take off my hat to him with heartfelt alacrity. It is high time we put an end to this insane bickering between the services, and eliminate billions of wastage and begin to develop sufficient military strength to keep us out of war."

When he sat down, after 48 minutes, Cannon got a standing ovation from most of the 150 Congressmen in the chamber. And it was in the face of such obviously growing sentiment for reorganization that Carl Vinson, above all else an eminently realistic politician, began backing down in his announced determination to scuttle the Eisenhower plan, started working with Nate Twining on a revision that would be acceptable both to the Administration and to Congress.



United Press
GENERAL BRADLEY
. . . to this insane bickering."

DEFENSE

NORAD's Classic Example

OUR MISSION IS TO DEFEND THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, ALASKA AND THE NORTH-EAST AREA FROM AN ATTACK; NOT TO DEFEND THE ROLES OF THE RESPECTIVE SERVICES!

So read the printed signs on the desks of high-ranking Army, Navy and Air Force officers at the Colorado Springs headquarters of the North American Air Defense Command, the combined-services organization set up last fall to run the continent's \$18 billion air-defense system. Hailed in its early months as a model of interservice cooperation, by last week NORAD was proving itself something quite different: a classic example of the sort of interservice rivalry that President Eisenhower's defense-reorganization plan is designed to prevent.

"We have a real organization, and it is on a war footing 24 hours a day," said a top NORAD officer last week. "But we have our troubles. If you even ask a simple question, such as who is in charge of the defense of North America, the argument starts." Another officer described NORAD more simply: "A monstrosity."

Alphabet Soup. NORAD, under the command of Four-Star Air Force General Earle Partridge, is a joint U.S.-Canadian venture (Partridge's second in command is Canada's Air Marshal C. Roy Slemmon) with Air Force, Army and Navy each marked out for specific assignments, e.g., the Navy for seagoing radar pickets, the Air Force for intercepting enemy bombers with aircraft and surface-to-air area defense missiles, the Army for point defense of U.S. cities and bases with its Nike system. To work at all, NORAD must function with electronic precision and supersonic speed. But in practice, hard-working "Pat" Partridge finds himself little more than chef for a batch of alphabet soup, including 1) USAF-ADC, the Air Force's Air Defense Command, 2) USARADCOM, the Army's Air Defense Command, 3) NAVFOR, meaning Naval Forces of the North American Air Defense Command, and 4) RCAF-ADC, the Royal Canadian Air Force home defense unit. NORAD's cumbersome components must answer not only to Partridge, but to their own service Chiefs of Staff in Washington and Ottawa. And the service chiefs, under NORAD's peculiar charter, can pull fighting units and equipment out of NORAD with little or no reference to NORAD's requirements.

They frequently do just that. Items: ¶ The Air Force last year cut NORAD's Air Force radar warning patrol for three months to meet cuts in its own maintenance and operation budget.

¶ The Army recently decided not to man a \$2 million NORAD radar station in Arizona. It also reduced the personnel of its Nike missile batteries.

¶ The Navy last week pulled one of NORAD's radar picket ships off NORAD's early-warning patrol without prior notice to NORAD headquarters.

NORAD's Partridge, though designated operational commander, has little real control over the operational deployment of Air Force interceptors and Army missile batteries. He has difficulty getting quick interservice decisions out of the Pentagon. Beyond that, he is well aware NORAD is as much a diplomatic alliance as a military command, that some Canadian politicians have latched onto Canada's contribution to NORAD as an issue—

"They've got command of our air force!" "It's Got to Come." Dissension has seeped down through NORAD's ranks. Result: interservice rivalry in the best bitter Pentagon tradition. Said a NORAD Air Force officer last week: "Years ago in

In recession-plagued Detroit, fearful of foreign economic competition, Acheson made a to-the-point plea for liberalized foreign trade and for deploying more U.S. funds overseas as an answer to Russia's growing economic challenge. Said Acheson: "Does anybody in this state seriously doubt the vast benefit its citizens have received from the purchase and export by foreign aid programs over nine years of \$3.1 billion of motor vehicles, iron and steel items, machinery and chemicals, not to mention \$9 billion of other industrial and agricultural items? In 1955, the last year for which we have figures, over 30,000 workers in this state were employed on manufacture of goods involved in this



U.S.A.F.'s GENERAL PARTRIDGE & R.C.A.F.'s AIR MARSHAL SLEMMON
USARADCOM + NAVFOR + RCAF = monstrosity.

the Air Force I learned to hate the Army. I've had an Army officer run his fingers along the cable of my plane and say sharply, 'Dirt.' And when I said 'Sir, that is preservative,' he snarled, 'Clean it before the next inspection.'" At the same time, an Army officer on NORAD's staff complained that Air Force influence over NORAD was too strong, that the Air Force was "an agency which is capable, the English language being what it is, of injecting its own ideas into orders."

So embattled, many a NORAD officer has come to realize that the only real hope lies in President Eisenhower's defense-reorganization plan for strengthening unified lines of command. "It's got to come," said a top NORAD officer last week. "We've got to have it—and this place is a classic example of the need for it."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Forceful Speech

From former (1949-53) U.S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson, speaking last fortnight in Detroit and last week at the University of New Hampshire, came two forceful, well-argued statements on U.S. foreign policy.

program, which should be two or three times as large."

Point by point, Acheson set forth his own program: "First, a substantial increase in the export of capital, both governmental and private, from North America and Western Europe; then, a substantial increase in imports into dollar areas, chiefly the U.S.; and finally, an overhauling of our international financial institutions, principally the International Monetary Fund, to make possible the expansion of world exchange reserves and the provision of more credit where it can be most effective."

In New Hampshire last week, Acheson drew on his knowledge of diplomatic history and his own experiences as Secretary of State, argued effectively against the hand-wringers of his own party (including his longtime friend and State Department key man, George Kennan) who insist on the international summit conference even if held on propaganda-serving Soviet terms.

The 1955 Geneva Conference, said Dean Acheson, "was not merely a failure; it was a fraud and positive harm . . . Unless the situation is ripe for settlement, then, no matter how eminent the partici-

pants, how perceptive their insight, how bold and imaginative their conceptions, their efforts will fail. In the last twelve years the international conference has ceased to be an instrument for ending conflict and has become one for continuing it. For high international negotiations it is not necessary that chiefs of state or heads of government be involved."

THE ATOM

Clint's Doctor Fell

*I do not like thee, Doctor Fell—
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.*

—Tom Brown

The reason why he cannot tell, but New Mexico's Democratic Senator Clinton Anderson, powerful vice chairman of Congress' Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, knows this full well: he does not like Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis L. Strauss. Although the origins of the feud are obscure, the fact of Anderson's violent dislike for Strauss has been known for years—and by last week it had Clint Anderson, ordinarily a reasonable man, roaring ahead with a continuing attack on Lewis Strauss.

The latest dispute between Anderson and Strauss began when Senator Anderson, appearing on the *Meet the Press* television program, accused the U.S. military of "inserting something" in atomic bombs to increase, rather than reduce, atomic fallout (*TIME*, May 12). Last week Lewis Strauss replied to Anderson's charge in a calm, factual letter to Joint Committee on Atomic Energy Chairman Carl Durham of North Carolina. "Atomic bombs," said Strauss, "are only taken from stockpiles for purposes of routine inspection or for modification or improvement. No material is 'inserted' in bombs for the purpose of increasing the amount of fission products or to add to the total fallout." At that, Anderson arose wrathfully on the Senate floor, declared that Strauss "in effect four times calls me a liar."

Lewis Strauss had not even come close to accusing Anderson of deliberate falsehood, but on television's *Face the Nation* he did point out that although most of the current agitation for stopping nuclear tests was "completely innocent of any political motive" there was also evidence of "a kernel of very intelligent, deliberate propaganda." Clint Anderson blew up. Cried he of Strauss: "He seeks to become the modern apostle of McCarthyism."

The Anderson vendetta against Strauss could have far-reaching national consequences: if the Democrats control the Congress next year, Anderson will probably be chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy and thus the man on Capitol Hill with whom Strauss must work most closely. Last week, summing up the possible results, New York *Times* Columnist Arthur Krock, an old friend to both Anderson and Strauss, described Strauss as Clint Anderson's Doctor Fell, concluded: "If Strauss retires voluntarily at the end of his current term, June 30,



SENATOR ANDERSON

He can't tell.

one of the principal reasons might well be his patriotic recognition that, in the Senate battle against his confirmation foreshadowed by Anderson's attitude, the AEC's work and policies might be seriously impeded."

THE ADMINISTRATION

A Pro for HEW

In the hearing room of a House Post Office and Civil Service subcommittee last week, a reporter whispered a few words to Committeeman David Dennison, an Ohio Republican, who listened intently, broke into a grin and interrupted the testimony of Witness Arthur S. Flemming, president of Ohio Wesleyan University. "The White House," said Denni-



ADMINISTRATOR FLEMMING

He wears well.

son, "has officially announced the appointment of Mr. Flemming as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare." Lean, painfully shy Arthur Flemming blinked in surprise, glanced hastily around the room as if in fear that there might be embarrassing applause. "Thank you, sir," he replied. "That's news to me."

It was surprising to hardly anyone else. Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Marion Folsom, in poor health and discouraged over the failure of his school-construction program to make headway in Congress, has been wanting to resign for months. And President Eisenhower's intention to name Arthur Flemming as his new HEW Secretary was one of Washington's worst-kept secrets.

To the sprawling (five major agencies plus a score of hospitals, colleges, research institutes) Department of Health, Education and Welfare, teetotaling Methodist Arthur Flemming, 52, brings one of the U.S.'s longest, best records as a Government administrator and personnel expert. In 1939 President Franklin Roosevelt named New York-born Art Flemming, then director of the School of Social Sciences and Public Affairs at Washington's American University, as a Republican member of the U.S. Civil Service Commission. Flemming has been in and out of Government ever since.

During and after World War II, he took on job after job, including posts in the Office of Production Management, the Navy, War Manpower Commission, Labor Department, the Atomic Energy Commission and the Hoover Commission. In 1948 Flemming returned to his old school as the first lay president of 117-year-old Ohio Wesleyan. But he was back in Washington as Defense Mobilization director during the Korean war, stayed on under Republican President Dwight Eisenhower until 1957, when he returned to Ohio Wesleyan.

Last week, although reluctant to leave Ohio Wesleyan again, Old Government Pro Flemming nonetheless looked forward to his new assignment. Asked by a reporter if he minded taking over a Cabinet post in an Administration whose time was running out, Arthur Flemming replied quietly: "No. This may be a most important two and a half years for the world."

SEQUELS

Equal Attachment

Charged with conspiracy to defraud the U.S. on a Defense Department contract, Pennsylvania's Democratic Representative William J. Green Jr. tried an odd delaying action. He asked that U.S. District Judge John W. Murphy disqualify himself from the case. Chief reason: both Defendant Green and Judge Murphy are Irish Catholics, old political and personal pals. Thus, claimed Green, Murphy might bend over so far backward to avoid favoritism as to be prejudiced against Green (*TIME*, March 24). Last week Judge Murphy replied to Green—but on a much loftier plane of the law. "As judges," wrote Murphy, "we are neither Jew nor Gentile, neither Catholic

nor agnostic. We owe equal attachment to the Constitution and are equally bound by our judicial obligations, whether we derive our citizenship from the earliest or the latest immigrants to these shores." The mere making of a charge of judicial bias "quicken the conscience of the judge and makes him more careful in discharging his duties. The sunshine of awareness has an antiseptic effect on prejudice."

So saying, Judge John Murphy refused to disqualify himself.

AGRICULTURE

Santa Claus, 1958

Running unsuccessfully for the U.S. Senate against Indiana's Republican Homer Capehart two years ago, Claude R. Wickard accused the Eisenhower Administration of basely betraying the U.S. farmer. Cried President Franklin Roosevelt's Secretary of Agriculture (1940-45): "I have before me [Candidate] Eisenhower's promises to farmers in 1952 and [President] Eisenhower's veto message of the first 1956 farm bill. Like the man on the flying trapeze, he has switched from one to the other with the greatest of ease."

Last week, with farm prices rising rapidly (TIME, May 12), Claude Wickard, no longer running for public office, abandoned agricultural recession as a Democratic issue. Confiding to reporters in Kansas City that his 620-acre farm at Camden, Ind. is making money hand over fist, Wickard said: "I can't complain about \$21 hogs. My son-in-law and I sold ten Holstein cows the other day for \$240 each. I didn't believe in Santa Claus until then."

THE SOUTH

Marching Order

Like many another U.S. school last week, Central High in Little Rock, Ark. ground swiftly toward final examinations and commencement exercises on May 27. But the end of school will have a special meaning to Central High: under an order issued by President Eisenhower last week, it will also mark the end of service for the troops rushed to Little Rock eight months ago when a mob, egged on by Democratic Governor Orval Faubus, rioted against school integration.

At the height of September's riots over the admission of nine Negro students to Central High, 1,000 paratroopers of the 101st Airborne Division were flown into Little Rock to keep order, and 10,000 Arkansas National Guardsmen were federalized to help them. Gradually, the paratroopers were withdrawn and the majority of guardsmen demobilized. President Eisenhower's new order affects only 360 National Guard enlisted men and 40 officers still federalized and still on duty at Central High School to bar agitators and prevent incidents among the 2,000 students. Last week, as the last 400 guardsmen prepared to march out on May 29, eight of the nine Negro children were still in school. It had cost the U.S. \$4,651,000 to keep them there.

CITIES

The Reformer

At 57, New York's Judge Samuel Seabury seemed almost an anachronism in the gay, irreverent 1920s. The son, grandson and great-grandson of clergymen, he saw part of life through the stained-glass windows of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He saw another part with the solemn, pince-nez gaze of a reform-minded lawyer and jurist. The worst of what he saw was symbolized by James John Walker, New York City's twice-elected (1925, 1929) mayor. Jimmy Walker, top hat perched jauntily askew, wisecracked his way through the '20s like



PROBER SEABURY & WITNESS WALKER
Life through a stained-glass window.

a handsome Bacchus, and it was perhaps inevitable that he would one day clash with stern, silver-haired Samuel Seabury.

The collision came in 1931 after Seabury, in retirement after serving on the New York Supreme Court and the New York Court of Appeals, was summoned by the Appellate Division to investigate the city's lower courts. Earnestly, painstakingly, he raked the muck of city corruption among lawyers, bondsmen, cops, judges and pimps on the city payroll.

"Take the Stand." One by one, Investigator Seabury helped toss the rascals out—to Jimmy Walker's dismay. "This fellow," cried the mayor, "would convict the Twelve Apostles if he could." But Seabury, authorized by a state legislative committee to pursue his investigations, was now ready to tackle James J. Walker himself. And the day finally came in the dusty old courtroom in the New York County Courthouse when Samuel Seabury said quietly: "Mr. Mayor, would you be good enough to take the stand?"

Seabury, combing through Jimmy's fi-

nancial records, had come up with a lot that needed explaining; e.g., Walker received \$26,000 in securities from brokers interested in local taxicab legislation that was subsequently enacted; he held \$10,000 in bonds of a steel corporation that later received a city contract; he received a \$10,000 letter of credit from promoters of a bus company that won a city franchise; he accepted "beneficences" of \$240,000 from Newspaper Publisher Paul Block. Recalling that an earlier Seabury target had admitted getting thousands in cash from "a wonderful tin box," Jimmy protested: "I took it home and put it in a safe—not a vault, not a tin box, a safe in my own house . . . available for Mrs. Walker and myself."

The Muffled Roar. Two days of dogged Seabury questioning wore off Jimmy's gloss. Little by little his theatrics turned hollow, his cockiness wilted. Samuel Seabury sent his report to New York's Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, who called Democrat Walker on the carpet for personal questioning. But before Roosevelt had a chance to remove Walker from office, the mayor resigned and fled to Europe. Three years later he returned, played desperately at being a man about town, became a familiar and still-jaunty figure in nightclubs, theaters and bars before his death in 1946.

Aloud, and thin-lipped, Judge Samuel Seabury moved out of the news and was scarcely heard from again. Last week, at 85, the man who had helped muffle the roar of the '20s died in a Long Island nursing home.

Dynamite

Released by New York City Comptroller Lawrence Gerosa last week with the approval, but obviously not the best wishes, of Democratic Mayor Robert Wagner: a report, described by Democrat Gerosa as dynamite, adding a new chapter to the city's corruption-afflicted history. Private contractors doing business with the city's Bureau of Real Estate, said Gerosa, have been overcharging for years. In twelve months alone, Gerosa's accountants discovered \$200,000 in overcharges. Even before Gerosa released his report, seven top officials of the Real Estate Bureau had resigned, been dismissed or suspended. But the real dynamite lay in the fact that the report was made public only last week: first written in 1956, it had been withheld throughout Democrat Wagner's unsuccessful U.S. Senate campaign that year and his successful campaign for re-election in 1957.

POLITICAL NOTES

Out of Andy's Inn

Andy's Hotel (prop. Andrew Knutson) used to be the place to go in Oklee, Minn. pop. (510). A good deal of its charm lay in its restaurant, where the innkeeper's blonde, comely wife Cornelia Knutson cooked hearty food, waited cheerfully on tables and made the guests feel right at home. But no longer: in 1954, popular "Coya" Knutson, long active in Minnesota's Democrat-Farmer-Labor Party, ran



MINNESOTA'S KNUTSON

No one in the kitchen with Andy.

for the U.S. House of Representatives, visited every farm in northwest Minnesota's Ninth District, won, and went off to Washington. With Coya gone, the hotel business fell off to the point where Andy Knutson finally closed the restaurant, took a part-time job with a plow dealer.

By last week Andy Knutson, 50, had had enough: he demanded that Coya leave Congress and come home—or else. Since her election to Congress four years ago, said Knutson, "our home life has deteriorated to the extent that it is practically nonexistent. I want to have the happy home that we enjoyed for many years prior to her election."

But Coya Knutson, 45, slimmed down and modishly coiffed, was not about to leave Congress, where she had become a carping critic of Republican Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson. When her intention to run again became clear, Andy Knutson backed away from his original ultimatum, said Coya could stay in Congress if only she would get rid of her handsome executive secretary, Bill Kjeldahl, 30. Said Andy: "The decisions made in Coya's office are not hers, but Kjeldahl's." But Coya Knutson was having none of that, either. Kjeldahl would stay, cried she. Her life was her own—and she aimed to live it a long, long way from Andy's kitchen.

Small Choice

Choosing among 14 all-out segregationist candidates for the Democratic nomination for Governor, Alabamians last week gave first place to one with highly acceptable credentials: Attorney General John Patterson, 36, who could boast at one time of having every Negro leader in the state under subpoena.

Boysish-looking John Patterson appeared on the Alabama political scene in 1954 when his father, Albert Patterson, then the reform-minded nominee for attorney

general, was shot to death by hoodlums in vice-ridden Phenix City. Young John promptly filed for attorney general in his father's place, won easily, later helped in the drive to clean up Phenix City.

In leading last week's field, John Patterson drew heavily on the crusading father-and-son background, even more heavily on his record as an attorney general who would enforce to the letter Alabama's harsh segregationist laws. He won 160,000 votes to 134,000 for his nearest rival, Circuit Judge George Wallace, who had promised to jail any FBI man found snooping around his jurisdiction to investigate denial of Negro voting rights. Patterson is strongly favored in his runoff with Wallace next June, but either way, Alabama can be sure of having just the sort of segregationist Governor it likes to succeed outgoing Governor James E. ("Kissin' Jim") Folsom.

Little Win

The Republican Governor of Ohio, backed with the full force of his party's state machinery, last week won renomination—but only by 346,554 votes to 198,599 for an opponent who had pledged "not to lift a finger" in active candidacy. The lackluster winner: 42-year-old Governor C. (for nothing) William O'Neill; the loser: former Cincinnati Mayor Charles P. Taft, who had filed only as a "stand-by" after O'Neill suffered a mild heart attack (TIME, Feb. 10).

Part of the sizable Taft vote undoubtedly came from his membership in Ohio's first political family. But another part came as voter reaction against the unimpressive, do-nothing O'Neill administration. The results meant trouble for Republicans in November, when O'Neill must face the man he defeated in 1956: hard-running, fast-quipping Democrat Michael V. Di Salle, who easily won his party's nomination in an election where, for the first time since 1948, more Ohioans voted in the Democratic primary than in the Republican.

Powell's Pain

Adam Clayton Powell, 49, Democratic Congressman from New York's Harlem district, pastor of Harlem's huge Abyssinian Baptist Church, threw his 1956 support to the national Republican ticket, stumped among his fellow Negroes on behalf of President Eisenhower. Already under investigation by the Internal Revenue Service, Powell landed in trouble with his own party for his political infidelity. But after Ike's victory, at least one of Powell's problems seemed to ease: the tax investigation bogged down.

Inevitably, that brought charges that a grateful Republican Administration was closing the books on Powell. A New York grand jury even threatened to take matters into its own hands unless it got more cooperation from Justice Department lawyers. With that, the investigation picked up again. Last week the grand jury indicted Adam Clayton Powell on charges that he helped prepare a fraudulent 1951 tax return for his wife, Jazz Pianist Hazel

Scott, and evaded payment of taxes on \$3,700 in a 1952 joint return. Moreover, at week's end, New York's Democratic organization was considering dropping him from its 1958 slate.

California Atomics

California's G.O.P. Governor Goodwin J. Knight and California's Republican Senator William Fife Knowland are about as friendly as matter and anti-matter. Knight, who wanted to run for re-election this year, was pressured out by Knowland, reluctantly announced his candidacy for Knowland's seat in the Senate. Last week the Pasadena *Independent* quoted Goodie Knight telling just exactly how he feels about his prospective running mate on California's Republican ticket. Said Knight:

"Senator Bill Knowland is a politically ambitious man. He wants to be President. In order to beat out Dick Nixon for the nomination in 1960, he decided to come back here and run for governor. If he could beat out a popular governor [i.e., Knight] in the primary and then lick the most popular nominee the Democrats could put up [i.e., California's Attorney General Edmund G. Brown], he figured he would be almost invincible as a candidate for the presidential nomination."

Free State Free-for-All

Baltimore's paunchy three-term Mayor Tommy D'Alesandro was punching hard. "I'm gonna bust their skulls wide open!", cried he of his rivals for Maryland's Democratic senatorial nomination. "You can bet on that." The three other principal candidates were punching too. Candidate Clarence D. Long, an economics professor at Johns Hopkins University, accused D'Alesandro (but later retracted and apologized) of having been "an outspoken admirer of Mussolini." Chimed in Candidate James Bruce, business tycoon and



Francis D'Annunzio

MARYLAND'S D'ALESSANDRO
Someone in the fight with Tommy.

onetime (1947-49) U.S. Ambassador to Argentina: "D'Alesandro's tax policy has been a one-man trapeze act." Snapped Baltimore paving contractor and Perennial Candidate George Mahoney: "Far be it from me to accuse other candidates, but it would be nice if they supplied something more current than wedding and graduation photographs." Thus did the candidates near the end of a free-for-all Free State primary.

Heading into next week's election, Old Pro D'Alesandro was gaining on Old Hopeful Mahoney, with Long and Bruce trailing. But the bitterness of the campaign indicated that recent Maryland history might repeat itself when it came time to face Republican Incumbent J. Glenn Beall in November. Although Maryland was long considered a Democratic state, the Democrats have not won a statewide election since 1946, mostly because of the Democratic splits caused by primary free-for-alls.

ARMED FORCES

Rider in the Purple Sky

Major Howard Johnson, 38, U.S.A.F., made a casual stop at a cafeteria one morning last week, drank a cup of black coffee, then went on to work at the Lockheed Aircraft Corp. plant in Palmdale, Calif. There, at Air Force Plant 42, ruddy, husky (5 ft. 8 in., 170 lbs.) Pilot Johnson squirmed into a pressure suit, picked up his helmet, oxygen mask and parachute, walked out to a dainty, needle-nosed F-104A Starfighter, a silvery sliver of jet aircraft with short (7½ ft.), knife-edged wings. Johnson checked the plane carefully: 5,000 lbs. of fuel, no armament, a special package of instruments whose faces stared at a 35-mm. movie camera. His preflight check done, "Scrapy" Johnson "just got into the plane and took off." Mission: a new high-altitude record.

Major Johnson had already made six trial flights into the 75,000- and 85,000-ft. altitudes. This time was for keeps; the flight would be measured officially both by the instrument package in the plane and by radar and theodolite cameras tracking it from the ground. Screaming down the runway, the Starfighter lifted off at 9:40 a.m.; Johnson headed westward toward Santa Barbara, climbing steeply. At 35,000 ft. he kicked in his afterburner, turned east, still climbing. He leveled off at 45,000 ft., poured straight ahead at about 1,000 m.p.h. As he reached the instrumented altitude-measuring range at Edwards Air Force Base, he pushed the Starfighter to full throttle and raised the nose sharply.

Higher and higher into the purpling sky streaked the Starfighter—50,000 ft., then 60,000, then 70,000. Laconically, Johnson radioed Edwards tower, made certain that the radar trackers still carried him on their screens. Now, 80,000 ft.: Johnson's pressurized cockpit altitude was 45,000 ft., and his pressure suit automatically inflated with oxygen from a bottle beneath his seat. His afterburner had long since

lost nearly all its thrust, but Johnson kept coasting up. At length he knew that he could no longer hold the nose up in the thinning atmosphere, slacked off on the stick, nosed up and over, began the long drop down. He had shot 91,249 ft. up into the sky—about two miles higher than the previous world's record.* It had taken precisely 27 minutes.

NEVADA

The New-Model Cord

In large, lonesome Nevada last week the winter snows that gave the state its name† began melting on the mountain flanks. Below the snowline, 110,000 sq. mi. of the nation's sixth biggest state came alive with spring activity. Along the Sierra Nevada, Basque shepherders led freshly shorn flocks to summer pasture, kept wary vigil against marauding mountain lions. In the revived ghost town of Virginia City, cars disgorged Midwestern



Donald Dondoro

NEVADA'S CORD

Everyone in the car with E.L.

tourists to gaze at Piper's Opera House and Lucius Beebe's Territorial Enterprise. Around Reno, candidates for grass widowhood whiled away their residence on dude ranches. Along Las Vegas' gaudy Strip, vacationers pumped the slot machines and queued up for ten-course \$1.25 lunches.

And at a state convention in Hawthorn (pop. 3,700), Nevada's Democratic Party was practically taken over lock, stock and barrel by one of the most remarkable new figures in U.S. politics: Errett Lobban Cord, sometime Wall Street tycoon and longtime millionaire recluse, now turned glad-handing vote chaser at the age of 63.

* Bell Aircraft's X-2, carried aloft by a mother plane, reached 126,000 ft. The previous world's record (unofficial) in ground-to-air flights—80,100 ft.—was made a fortnight ago by a French Trident 06.

† Translation from the Spanish: snow-covered.

The Shy Tycoon. To his Nevada neighbors, E. L. Cord is the Democratic state senator from Esmeralda County, where jack rabbits outnumber the 430 registered voters. But in other parts of the U.S., Cord's name has other meanings. Automobile buffs remember the Cord 812, with its front drive, its classic lines and its \$2,395 price tag* as one of the finest U.S. cars ever produced. Wall Street remembers Cord as the golden negotiator and operating man who put the Auburn Automobile Co. in the black, and held substantial interests in American Airways, Locomotive Manufacturing, New York Shipbuilding and Stinson Aircraft before he sold his holdings for \$2,632,000 during a 1937 fight with the Securities and Exchange Commission. California knows Cord as the man who developed a fabulously profitable eight-block stretch of Beverly Hills' Wilshire Boulevard, owns the 31-acre Pan Pacific Auditorium, has a huge chunk of Santa Anita track stock.

Yet during his 40 frenzied financial years Errett Lobban Cord made a fetish of personal privacy, kept his door closed to all interviewers, stayed out of the gossip columns and away from all but a chosen few friends. It was only when he went into politics two years ago that Cord suddenly emerged as a hail fellow who obviously enjoyed his new role.

The Open Door. Cord's political start came when he was appointed to fill a vacancy in the state senate from Esmeralda County; he explains his decision to accept as a simple matter of civic consciousness. Cord quickly began moving into the Democratic power vacuum created by the 1954 death of U.S. Senator Pat McCarran. He won labor support by pushing through a bill hiking unemployment benefits from \$50 to \$75 a week. He found favor with Nevada's powerful gambling interests by leading the fight for a bill giving them new tax benefits (the bill was vetoed by Republican Governor Charles Russell). He built up a statewide political organization, won control of the Democratic machinery in both Reno and Las Vegas. In his plainly furnished Reno office, he held court for all comers. Says one party leader: "He began giving two hours at a crack to people he wouldn't have let in his office two years before. And he loved it."

Last week, in the town where Pat McCarran fell dead after making a speech, Cordmen and Nevada's remaining anti-Cord Democrats fought for control of McCarran's party. The anti-Cords won a few skirmishes. But at convention's close, Cord's men were in command. They had won majority control of the Democratic state central committee; rammed through was a platform that clearly mirrored Cord's position on such issues as gambling (for relaxed laws), foreign aid (for less) and aid to education (for more). What most of the delegates wanted as they departed was that fast-rising New Boss Errett Lobban Cord would announce his candidacy for Governor.

* Today's selling price: \$2,900.

FOREIGN NEWS

NATO

Old Flexible

From the moment the NATO Prime Ministers met for a post-Sputnik conference in Paris last December, it became part of Western European belief that their deliberations constituted a famous victory over John Foster Dulles by the forces of reason. At Paris, so the legend went, the farsighted statesmen of Europe finally overrode Dulles' pathologic distrust of Communists, began to push him, kicking and protesting, toward the one thing that might relieve world tensions—a summit conference with the Russians.

But last week, as 15 NATO foreign ministers wound up a three-day meeting in Copenhagen's Christiansborg Palace, strange new sounds filled the air of Western Europe, and echoed in the big segment of the U.S. press that was cool or hostile to Dulles in his summit-conference position. Secretary Dulles, declared one Euro-

pean statesman, "is a much-maligned man. If only everyone could hear him in a closed session." "You know," echoed a member of one of the smaller NATO delegations, "Mr. Dulles did not once give us a lecture, did not once tell us about morality, did not once urge us to leave our fates in the hands of the Almighty. It seems possible, in fact, that he is learning to get along with his allies as equal—well, almost equal—partners."

Vindication. Wrote the New York Times's Drew Middleton: "Dulles' prestige among governments allied with the U.S. is probably higher now than at any time since he first became Secretary of State. This stubborn, proud man has, in a comparatively short span of six months, seen both his stubbornness and his pride vindicated." At the Paris conference, recalled London's conservative *Daily Telegraph*, "Mr. Dulles stood out from his other ministerial colleagues like a gnarled tree stump, incongruously recalling the

hard winds of winter among a bed of spring flowers all heralding the soft days of sunshine ahead. But the sun failed to shine. When the ministers met this week in Copenhagen, therefore, it was the gnarled tree stump that seemed congruous and seasonal, with the spring flowers looking and sounding sadly out of place."

The Cold North Wind. The fact was, as the *Daily Telegraph* suggested, that there had been no essential change in the man whom Britain's left-wing Cartoonist David Low once labeled "Old Inflexible." The change that Europeans saw in him was more correctly a change in themselves. At the time of the Paris conference, European public opinion demanded a summit meeting—at least half-convinced that the Russians sincerely wanted a general settlement. But in the weeks preceding Copenhagen, the Russians 1) stalled over the ground rules for summit talks, 2) announced that they no longer felt bound by their Geneva Conference pledge to

PARIS IN THE SPRING Apathy, Ennui & Pleasant Pique-Niques

From Paris, where France was in its fourth week without a government, TIME Correspondent Godfrey Blunden cabled:

PRESIDENT René Coty's black Renault drives up the Champs-Élysées between lightly foliated plane trees to the *Arc de Triomphe*. The crowd, thinly hugging the barriers, applauds mildly. The Republic is still worth a handclap, and 76-year-old President Coty, typifying today's worried "ordinary Frenchman," is worth several.

But what is that other noise? Jeering whistles, faint calls of "*Vive De Gaulle!*" It is the first time such sounds have fallen on the ears of the respected Coty in the course of his official duties. Are the citizens impatient with René Pleven's 16-day effort to form a government? Never fear. M. Pleven has finally named his Cabinet this morning, and the National Assembly has been convoked to pass upon it. Calmly, Coty lays a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, below the chiseled names of battles won long ago.

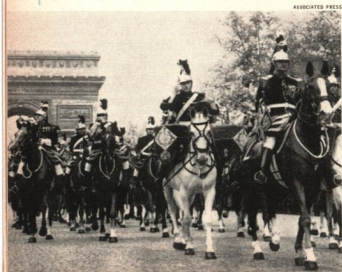
ASSOCIATED PRESS

Afterward, brass bands come down the Champs-Élysées, the solemn *Garde républicaine* wondrously blowing trumpets and tubas from atop their dancing horses; they are followed by the cantering, cloaked Spahis. In the crowd, a man dressed in a shabby, purple-striped coat shakes a collection box, and the crowd remembers the day of which this is the 13th anniversary—that happy day in 1945 when Germany surrendered, when returning deportees, still wearing the purple-striped clothing issued them by the Nazis, danced in the streets of Paris, and ecstatic women in wooden shoes rode behind the *Gardes Républicains* as they trotted down the *quais*.

The glory that is being celebrated is not of this day, but of some more remote time. President Coty does not have long to savor it. Along with the President's luncheon coffee at the Élysée Palace arrives gaunt René Pleven, to announce that he cannot form a government after all because the Radicals refuse to support his choice of André Morice, a "tough-line" man on Algeria, as Minister of Defense. With a sigh President Coty folds his napkin. Nothing for it but to send out telegrams canceling the Assembly meeting—something that has never before occurred under the Fourth Republic—and to call on someone else to try and form a government.

Next-to-Last Straw. In the evening, hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen who have chosen to devote the day to a *pique-nique* in the woods, eating off little tables set out under the beech trees and gathering bunches of bluebells are home again, relaxing before their TV sets. There, against the frame of Coty's doorway, they can see and hear how each of the three potential Radical Premiers called by the President greets this honor.

First there is balding ex-Education Minister René Billères, saying, "Sooner another than me." Then comes 36-year-old Maurice Faure ("I am too young"), then cod-eyed Senator Jean Berthoin, conscious of the desperation that led Coty for the first time to call on a Senator. Berthoin insists: "It must



V-E DAY PARADE ON THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

work toward German reunification, 3) vetoed the U.S.'s Arctic inspection plan.

Under the impact of these icy blasts from Moscow, many a European statesman began to express private doubts that a meeting would accomplish anything. At Copenhagen, Norway's Halvard Lange, once an all-out summiteer, now urged "extreme caution before we agree with the Russians on summit talks." West Germany's Heinrich von Brentano, speaking for Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who at Paris had startled the world by urging a fresh approach to the Russians, flatly declared: "We should not alter our position unless the Russians have a substantial offer to make."

Fresh from the Mint. Dulles resisted any temptation to preen. "There he sat," said one British diplomat, "listening to men put on record what he and everyone else who knows anything about the Soviets have known since 1920. But he never gave the slightest indication of boredom. He looked as though every word he heard had been freshly minted."

By the end of the conference, Dulles, of all the NATO ministers, sounded the

least pessimistic about summit prospects, had all the appearances of being Old Mr. Flexible himself, and was virtually being warned by his colleagues not to display too much eagerness to rush into talks on Moscow's terms. On the record, Dulles was still declaring the U.S. willingness to meet with the Russians if there should be any prospect of settling anything.

COMMUNISTS

Press Gang

If there was any doubt in anybody's mind that the great Kremlin *apparatus* has ganged up to brand Tito once again as a dangerous heretic, that doubt vanished last week. The Chinese Communists, last to speak, piled in, throwing the roughest punches aimed at Tito since Stalin's Cominform war of 1948. Yugoslavia's latest program for "separate roads to socialism," said Peking's *People's Daily*, is "out-and-out revisionism"—a Communist dirty word for any deviation from Moscow's line—and "viciously slanders the socialist camp." Its "evolutionary views," said the Chinese with a hint that the Yugoslavs

should get themselves new leaders, "harbor a wild attempt to induce surrender to capitalism [and] fit in exactly with what the imperialists and particularly the American imperialists need." A few days later, after a full Central Committee meeting in Moscow, *Pravda* warned that if Yugoslavia's rulers think the Soviet Union is taking advantage of its economic relations with their country, they can be "relieved of such 'exploitation.'" Soviet President Kliment Voroshilov canceled his scheduled state visit to Yugoslavia.

The abrupt, frenetic and clumsy switch against Tito suggested that Russia has now concluded that any benefits to be had from Tito's friendship are outweighed by the disorder in the satellites caused by Tito's talk of separate roads to socialism. When in doubt, the Russians hang on to what they have, and never mind opinions in the rest of the world.

The need for a proclaimed unanimity in the satellites works hardest on Poland's Party Chief Wladyslaw Gomulka. Last week he paid his first visit to Budapest since the 1956 popular risings. At the airport he shook hands stiffly with Janos

be a Deputy." Finally, half an hour before midnight, Popular Republican Pierre Pflimlin, a thin, silvery and incisive Alsatian reluctantly agrees to try and become Premier of France.

Now it is time to bring out all the old jokes, time for some radio clown to pose the 75 million-franc question: "Name all the French Premiers since 1947," and for the cocktail-party gag, "Do you think the Algerians will get a government before we do?" Some Frenchmen, it is true, seem to regard the crisis as the next-to-last straw. Thunders Editor Pierre Brisson in *Figaro*: "It is no longer a Parliament, but a monstrous jamming enterprise. The conclusion is to reform or disappear. The margin for the Assembly is only a thread's width." But, unhappily for M. Brisson, his readers can remember that only two days ago a *Figaro* photographer, sent out to photograph René Pleven at his hour of decision, found a more interesting subject in a game of *boules* being played by a group of taxi drivers, and that his picture made four columns on *Figaro's* front page.

To Live in France. Like *Figaro*, all France displays a curious ambivalence—a mixture of apparent political apathy and of passionate disgust for present parliamentary procedures. Obviously, the French dilemma hinges on Algeria: it was the suspicion that he was moving toward negotiations with the rebels that toppled Félix Gaillard after 5½ months in office. But the Algerian problem could long ago have been resolved were it not for the unreconstructed imperialist who skulks within the breast of so many Frenchmen. Cynical about government, about grandeur and glory, Frenchmen nonetheless are vulnerable to exhortations that France must rank high among the nations and be respected. ("Respect?" wrote one wag in Paris' *Canard Enchaîné* last week. "I don't want to respect France. I only want to sleep with her.")

Capitalizing on these archaic dreams, the French right has shown itself increasingly contemptuous of democratic procedures. To live in France today is to enjoy the riches of her museums and the misty shapes of Paris under the soft archery of summer showers, to feel the quick, cool darkness under



PIERRE PFLIMLIN

the blossom-laden chestnut trees, and to smell the grass falling to the mower on lawns snow-powdered with tiny daisies called *pâquerettes*.

It is also to become accustomed to hearing of newspapers being seized by police, to seeing politically controversial books being sold under the counter, to seeing anti-Semitic slogans (*A bas les Juifs!*) scrawled on walls. To live in France today is, in some neighborhoods, to take the *rafle* (police dragnet) for granted, to pass quickly by when the black wagons swing into the curb and the burly cops close in on a café and tap each customer for his papers. It is to read, in the influential *Le Monde*, Editor Beuve-Méry's melancholy series *Simple Thoughts for Has-Beens* "enclosed by a past which can no longer be sustained."

Out of the Swim. For some the answer is De Gaulle. The morning after Pleven's

failure to form a government, Paris is plastered with posters declaring: "Call De Gaulle and France will be France!" Newspapers proclaim that a Colonel Barberot has convoked a meeting of the "Companions of the Liberation" because "13 years have sufficed to show that all we fought for has been lost," and that "in the service of our country we must use the capital represented by General de Gaulle."

But the proposal is quickly contested by non-Gaullist "Companions." "De Gaulle in his quality as general?" asks Pflimlin. "No one has the right to interpret a silence," snaps Popular Republican Maurice Schumann in sardonic reference to De Gaulle's refusal to commit himself. Muses Peasant Party Deputy Henri Dorgères-d'Halluin: "I would first wish to give a last chance to our existing institutions."

So far as anyone can tell, the time has not yet come when most Frenchmen are prepared to throw France's democracy overboard and give a free hand to De Gaulle or anyone else. But neither has the time come when they are prepared to confront the implications of the fear confessed two weeks ago by Socialist Robert Lacoste, outgoing French proconsul in Algeria. Said Lacoste to a French newsmen: "Why is all the world against France? You believe it is because we are not in the current of history? Yes, you believe it. I also."

Kadar and other Hungarian party brass. But at a rally next night the man whose insistence on Poland's separate road to socialism forced Khrushchev one night in October 1956 to call off Soviet armed intervention in Warsaw, for the first time spoke the required, craven words in support of Russian repression in Budapest: "We regard as correct and necessary the decision taken by the Soviet Union to give help to the forces of socialism in your country at the time. It was an international obligation on the part of the U.S.S.R., in the interests of the Hungarian people, peace and all socialist states."



KARAMANLIS ELECTIONEERING
A friend to America, a friend at the palace.

The Numbers Game

Latest figures on the Communists, from the Communists' own sources, as given in the *World Today*, published by Britain's Royal Institute of International Affairs:

¶ China's Communist Party (12 million) is the world's largest, followed by Russia's "nearly 8,000,000." Of the world's 33 million Communists, 84% belong to Communist Parties that are in power.

¶ Four countries in the free world—Italy, Indonesia, France and India—together concentrate four-fifths of the Communists outside the Soviet bloc.

¶ The 13 states where Communists are in power embrace 26% of the world's land surface, nearly 35% of the world's population, and about one-third of the world's industrial output.

¶ Of the 63 Communist Parties outside the Iron Curtain, more than 30, according to the Communists' own count, are illegal. In the Middle East they are legal only in Israel and, until recently, in Syria and Lebanon.

¶ Four Communist Parties were unrepresented at the most recent gathering of the clan in Moscow, either because of inability to "preserve their organization in the face of repressions (e.g., Iran, the Philippines and the Union of South Africa), or through lack of even minimum support (e.g., Ireland)."

GREECE

Fresh Start

The clear, sun-washed air of Greece, where the word democracy was first heard, has been ringing for two months with the campaign cries of politicians. In small cafés through the countryside, customers have looked up from their timeless card games and eternal sipping of Turkish coffee and resin-flavored wine to make caustic or approving esthetic judgments on the rhetorical flourishes of candidates.

The hardest-working candidate of all, and the one with most at stake, was hand-

GREAT BRITAIN

Defending the Pound

It was a little bit reminiscent of England's finest hour. When 50,000 London busmen went out on strike last week, some officials gloomily predicted utter chaos. Instead, London recaptured its blitz spirit. In crowded Tubes, people stepped on one another's toes with the utmost amiability. Car owners met all sorts of interesting people by picking up hitchhikers, and one bowlered businessman came to work each day by water—commenting happily down the Thames. Commented Pub Owner Ted Wright: "I feel healthier—less diesel fumes around." Trumpeted the *Daily Mail* proudly: LONDON CAN TAKE IT!

The walkout began when Frank Cousins, boss of the Transport and General Workers' Union, turned down the Industrial Court award of an 8½-shilling-a-week raise (\$1.19) for 36,000 busmen of the inner city, and nothing for suburban drivers. Cousins was in no tactical position to strike, but felt bound to do so anyway. He accused Prime Minister Macmillan's government of wanting a "show-down with labor," and Laborites demanded in the House of Commons that the government intervene immediately to end the strike. "It is for myself," replied Labor Minister Iain Macleod icily, "to judge when I should." Opposition Leader Hugh Gaitskell scribbled out a censure motion on the spot. After a bitter debate, the censure was voted down, 320 to 253.

But the government had won only a round. There was still the possibility that Cousins' strike might make other unions follow suit. In Manchester 126,000 chemical workers, and in South Wales the Mineworkers' Union, were already making threats. So were the heads of Britain's three top railroad unions, who could really bring things to a standstill. To the government, worried by inflation, the basic issue was defense of the pound. Said Macmillan: "What is needed is a general acceptance of the fact that to pay ourselves more in wages or profits for the same amount of output gets nobody anywhere."

WEST GERMANY

Trade, Not Aid

West Germany joined last week in the West's cautious advance toward getting along better with Gamal Abdel Nasser. Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard signed a bilateral agreement guaranteeing German exporters up to \$100 million in shipments to the United Arab Republic.

While Nasser junketed through Soviet Russia, his press grandly proclaimed that the German "loan," along with an earlier \$175 million Soviet credit, would enable Egypt to fulfill its five-year plan in three years.

Actually, Bonn had not granted the Arabs any credit at all in the usual sense of the word. Under Erhard's policy of guaranteeing exports to underdeveloped countries, German firms which intend to do business in the "regions" of Egypt or Syria may submit their plans to Bonn for

approval. They must finance their own shipments; if the U.A.R. should fail to pay would the guarantee operate. For Cairo's ambitious list of factories, bridges and port projects, the West German government would promise only to provide technical advice and training.

Bonn also turned down the Egyptian demand to buy more Egyptian cotton: West Germany's textile factories still seem to get as much Egyptian cotton as they need by buying at cut-rate prices from the Soviet-bloc countries, which got the cotton from Egypt in payment for Red arms to Nasser.

LEBANON

Anti-U.S.manship

It used to be that only the identifiable anti-Americans turned on the U.S. Now the anti-American cry is being taken up by those who fear to be regarded as too friendly to the U.S. Last week, faced with mounting pro-Nasserism and growing opposition to President Camille Chamoun's drive to push through a constitutional amendment that would enable him to run for a second term, the pro-Western government of tiny Lebanon turned on the U.S. with biting acerbity.

The \$38 million that the U.S. has given in nonmilitary aid since 1952, huffed the government, is hardly worth mentioning. Lebanon demanded that Washington 1) give Lebanon \$170 million over the next six years and 2) remove the condition that Lebanon pay 50% of all aid projects. "If the American government rejects these terms," snapped Public Works Minister Khalil Hibri, "this government will not hesitate to reject all American aid."

The U.S. Government had not the faintest intention of giving Lebanon such sums—but still hadn't the Lebanese government, onetime ardent supporter of the Eisenhower Doctrine, now proved to all and sundry how independent of Washington it really is?

The power of the real anti-Americans was made clear in the Lebanese seaport of Tripoli. There a mob, demonstrating against the assassination of a pro-Nasser editor, ran amuck, burned the USIA library. Before the riot was over, some 15 were dead, another 30 wounded.

SPAIN

Royalty Afloat

Two sailing vessels last week nosed into U.S. harbors, each bearing a cargo of throneless royalty from the same country. In Manhattan the 72-ft. gaff-rigged ketch *Saltillo* arrived from Nassau, skippered by strapping Don Juan de Bourbon y Battenberg, Count of Barcelona and 44-year-old Pretender to the Spanish crown. In Norfolk, Va. the four-masted training ship *Juan Sebastián Elcano* put into port with a crew of 72 midshipmen from the Spanish Naval College at Pontevedra, among them the Pretender's handsome son, Prince Juan Carlos, 20. It was the son who attracted most attention. Tall (6 ft. 2 in.),

tanned, with close-cropped hair, Juan Carlos is Dictator Franco's candidate for the throne.

A U.S. Navy plane whisked the young prince from Norfolk to Washington, where he was met at the airport by a full turnout from the Spanish embassy, headed by Royalist Ambassador José María de Arellano. Also on hand was Newshew Winzola McLendon of the *Washington Post and Times Herald*, who was all in a dither



Hank Walker—Life
PRINCE JUAN CARLOS IN WASHINGTON
To a dictator's taste?

as she asked Juan Carlos what he thought of American girls. "Oh, very pretty," replied the prince gallantly. Winzola gushed later that his blue-green eyes had not only a twinkle, but "the LONGEST, CURLIEST lashes."

Spain's last reigning King was Alfonso XIII, who voluntarily left Spain in 1931 in the face of nationwide republican election victories, and died in exile. His son, the present Pretender, angered Franco by demanding that the dictator step down after winning Spain's bloody Civil War. Franco later declared Spain a monarchy, but the throne was left empty as young Prince Juan Carlos grew up in exile in Italy and Switzerland. The young prince returned to Spain to be educated at Madrid's St. Isidro high school, and word went out that Franco intended that after his death the boy should rule Spain. Since then, presumably under Franco's soldierly guidance, Juan Carlos has become a one-man unified armed force. He graduated as a second lieutenant from Spain's West Point at Saragossa, and after his present vapid stint he will enter the Spanish Air Academy.

Whatever Franco's intentions, the prince made it clear that his first loyalty was to his father. In Washington, visiting the usual tourist attractions, Prince Juan Carlos became one himself as women employees of the Library of Congress pressed noses against windows to watch him pass. He attended an embassy reception and parties given by Mrs. Merriweather Post and Perle Mesta. A dinner guest wondered if his extensive military training would help fit him to be King. "Madame," smiled the prince, "it is charming of you to ask such a question, but it is my father who is going to be King."

AUSTRIA

The Catchers Caught

To the officer on duty at Austrian State Police headquarters in Vienna, it was a familiar story. A man had rushed in to say that he was being threatened by agents of the dreaded Hungarian AVH. The officer calmly noted down the answers to his questions. Name? Dr. Tamas Pasztor. Age? Forty-six. Status? Hungarian refugee. Profession? Formerly a journalist in Budapest. Married? Yes, to an American woman now in New York trying to expedite Pasztor's entry into the U.S.

What was his complaint, asked the officer. On his way to work that morning, Dr. Pasztor replied, he had been stopped by an AVH agent. The accusation was all too common in an Austria filled with 20,000 uneasy Hungarian refugees; how could he be so sure the man was an AVH agent? "Because I know him," Pasztor answered quietly. "His name is Jozsef Teleki, and he was one of my interrogators during the seven years I was imprisoned by the Communists." In the 1956 revolution, when AVHs were being hanged from lampposts, Teleki had even had the gall to ask ex-Prisoner Pasztor for help in escaping the revolutionary fury. Now he had stopped Dr. Pasztor on the streets of Vienna and said that AVH wanted him to work for the disunity of refugee groups abroad, and especially in the U.S. If he refused, the agent promised "suitable treatment" for Pasztor's mother, who is still in Budapest.

Next morning Dr. Pasztor again met Agent Teleki on a park bench under the linden trees near Vienna's State Court. Nearby, as Teleki's lookout paced Jozsef Kertesz, first secretary of the Hungarian legation. On other benches, stolid Viennese burghers dozed in the warm May sun. But when Teleki began talking to his victim, the dozing burghers sprang into action: they were Austrian security police. Teleki was grabbed on his bench; First Secretary Kertesz sprinted for a passing streetcar but was quickly collared and dragged back, weeping.

At week's end the Austrian Cabinet met in a special session, peremptorily expelled Teleki and Kertesz as *personae non gratae*. For the Austrian security police it was the second breakup of a Communist spy ring since last year, when they similarly put out of business an espionage network set up by the Czechoslovak legation.

ITALY

La Compagna

In Italy's postwar Constituent Assembly one day in 1946, the roving eye of Communist Leader Palmiro Togliatti came to rest on one of the comrades. "Let's move down a couple of benches," Togliatti suggested to an aide. "I want to sit opposite that comrade with the pretty legs." It was a fateful move.

Two years later, as Togliatti was leaving Rome's Chamber of Deputies, pistol



PALMIRO TOGLIATTI & FRIEND
The airs of a first lady.

shots cracked in the heavy July air, and Togliatti fell wounded. With a scream of horror, a woman darted forward and flung herself protectively over Togliatti's body. The madman assassin, betrayed perhaps by chivalrous instincts, hesitated to shoot again, and was caught. The comrade with the pretty legs had saved Togliatti's life.

Moving In. By that time Comrade Leonilde Jotti, graduate of a Roman Catholic university in Milan, onetime language teacher, wartime partisan and postwar Red Deputy, had become Togliatti's mistress, though 27 years his junior. So completely did the buxom, black-haired girl from Reggio Emilia capture the affections and feed the ego of the brilliant, moody Togliatti that he got a legal separation from his wife, Rita Montagnana, a white-haired intellectual, and went off to live with Nilde Iotti in a high-walled villa on Rome's Monte Sacro (Sacred Mountain).

The relationship violated the precepts of both church and state, but it got the sanction of the Central Committee of the Italian Communist Party in closed session. Nilde Jotti became known everywhere, even in the pages of the party newspaper *L'Unità*, as "la Compagna" (the companion) of Togliatti. She traveled with Togliatti to Russia as his "secretary" while Stalin was alive. After Stalin's

death, Georgy Malenkov publicly referred to her as Togliatti's "companion," and Anastas Mikoyan even introduced her as "Mrs. Togliatti."

At first, voters of Reggio Emilia's deeply Red 13th district were flattered to have so important a personage as *la Compagna* as one of their Deputies in Rome. They voted her into Parliament in 1948 and 1953 by handy margins. But as the years passed and Nilde lived high on the remote Sacred Mountain, local Red leaders began to grumble: she spent too much time in Rome and neglected her own people. Legally married Communist wives resented Nilde's special position. Scurrilous jokes circulated about the affair of Togliatti, now 65, and Nilde, 38. And there was the question of the \$64,000. In twelve years as a Deputy, Nilde Jotti had made only eight speeches, all brief and all clichés denouncing NATO "imperialism." The local Reds calculated that her pay for each of those eight speeches was \$8,000. When the time came to name candidates for next week's general elections, the Reds in the 13th district refused to accept Nilde Jotti as one of their candidates.

Putting on Airs. Rather than risk an open battle, the ailing Togliatti found Nilde a presumably safe seat next door in Communist-run Bologna. But last week in the new district, the old resentment still showed. Local Reds complained that a hard-working Communist Deputy had been moved away to make room for Nilde. Plain folks muttered that Nilde was putting on airs, acting like "some kind of first lady of Communism." At a "Vote for Nilde" rally, only 200 turned up and were clearly bored by Nilde's schoolmarmish lectures on the "dangers" of U.S. missile bases. "But she'll be elected anyway," sighed one Bologna politico. "When she finishes talking about international affairs, along comes a local Communist to tell about all the public lavatories the Reds have built in Bologna. That's what wins votes here for all the Communist candidates, even *la Compagna*."

The Pastor of Fondi

When 50-year-old Umberto Righetti, a pastor of the Evangelical Church, rented a second-floor apartment in the 15th century baronial palace of Fondi (pop. 19,000), 75 miles south of Rome, nobody told him about the door. In his two-room apartment he conducted Protestant religious services twice a week, and soon had a flock of 500. He started a free Bible school for 70 children, some of whom had been attending the local Roman Catholic parochial school. In heavily Catholic Italy all this was distressing news to the parish priest, Don Pietro Santantonio. "Go away, leave Fondi," Don Pietro advised Righetti. "Fondi is no bread for your teeth." But even when some Catholics threw rocks at him, Righetti stayed on.

Last week Fondi's justice of the peace, bulwarked by the local *carabinieri* commander, came accalling on Righetti. They explained that in 1950 the owners of the apartment next to Righetti's had obtained

exclusive rights to the one stairway leading into the courtyard below, but with the proviso that the door of what was now Righetti's apartment must be sealed off. The owner of Righetti's apartment had in turn sought permission to cut another door into the courtyard, but because the palace was a national monument, the Ministry of Fine Arts in Rome had forbidden it. Now, after eight years, a Rome court had ordered the door sealed off, and Righetti would have to leave. It was the law, they said, and had nothing to do with his Protestantism.

Righetti refused to go. "A captain does not abandon his ship," he declared. "A soldier does not leave the battlefield. I will not abandon my church." The masons came anyway and walled up the door with bricks, shutting Righetti inside.

Overnight Righetti became a nationwide sensation. His flock rallied to him and from the courtyard 20 ft. below sent up food to his window in a basket on a rope. Crowds gathered, and Righetti decided he might usefully preach from his window. "I don't know how long I will be here," the pastor shouted below. "It is in God's hands." Communist election campaigners accused the townspeople in Fondi of "religious intolerance," and with a national election close at hand, nobody in the government wanted to stir up the anticlerical issue.

On the third day, a piece of legal paper went up the rope in the basket. It authorized the temporary reopening of his door if Righetti would agree to find new quarters within four months. The imprisoned pastor of Fondi agreed, and the masons hurriedly tore open the bricked-up door to set him free.



RIGHETTI RECEIVING FOOD
The demands of fine art.

Italy's News

IRAQ

The Pasha's Poll

Circumstances demanded an election. Before Iraq could merge with the desert kingdom of Jordan to form an Arab federation opposed to Nasser's, Iraq's tough old (70) Strongman Nuri as-Said needed a mandate from his Iraqi voters. They had no more choice in the matter of candidates than Nasser gave the Egyptians in the plebiscite he ran off last February. Nuri was not even so insistent as Nasser that everyone get out and vote. Last week about 25% of the voters turned out peaceably at the polls, and Nuri Pasha's candidates, being unopposed, won all 145 seats. Most Baghdad newspapers reported the results next day on inside pages.

The new Parliament having duly ratified the federation, Nuri is expected to resign, and then the two young Hashemite cousins, Iraq's King Feisal and Jordan's King Hussein, will name 20 Deputies apiece to form the new federal Parliament. Then Feisal as chief of state will ask somebody to put together a new Arab federation Cabinet. The new Premier will almost certainly be Nuri Pasha himself, or else someone agreeable to the man who fought in the original World War I Arab nationalist "desert revolt" against the Turks, has 14 times been Iraq's Premier, and its strongman for the last generation.

INDIA

The Tiger Rider

Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru was getting just about the worst press he had ever received in India. What made everyone mad last week was his threat to resign his office, and then his tame turnabout when Congress Party politicians begged him to stay on (*TIME*, May 12). New Delhi columnist B. G. Verghese felt that Nehru had come close to "tearing off the mask of complacency and compromise that has been the bane of the Congress Party and the country," only to falter at the last minute: "He compromised without any gain. He threw away the opportunity that he himself had created."

Even more telling was a sharp letter to the *Times of India* from Nehru's brother-in-law, wealthy businessman Raja Hutheesingh, who held the Prime Minister more responsible than the Congress Party for the nation's "corruption, nepotism, jobbery and unseemly haste to amass wealth by crooked gains and avoidance of taxation. All these sores of the body politic grow larger and larger every day." He went on: "Our present degradation is leading the country to the same morass in which Chiang Kai-shek's China found itself. There was no rescue in China from the jaws of Communism. But in India we had one hope. If a man like Mr. Nehru could shed the glamour of office, he could, perhaps—it is a small chance—bring back the only organized party in the country to a righteous path of service and sacrifice." But instead, "Mr. Nehru, by his decision, has taken away that little glimmer and left us in the darkness of a



Hiren Sinha

PROTESTING PROSTITUTES IN NEW DELHI
Business pretty much as usual.

totalitarian future. Oh! Weep for Adonis!"

Raja Hutheesingh might have been dismissed as just an embittered in-law, for the Nehru family feuding (his wife, Krishna, is Nehru's youngest sister) is an old story. But many newspapers throughout India, usually so deferential to Nehru, echoed Hutheesingh's charges, and the *Times of India* lamented: "An opportunity has been lost. The crisis is over, and Mr. Nehru, by remaining, emerges a smaller man."

If the chorus of complaints sounded familiar to Pandit Nehru, it was only natural. Back in 1937, writing of himself in the third person, he said: "In spite of his brave talk, Jawaharlal is obviously tired and stale, and will progressively deteriorate if he continues as president of the Congress Party. He cannot rest, for he who rides a tiger cannot dismount."

Les Girls

Not for months had Calcutta's drowsy Government Book Depot, which handles the dreariest of official publications, experienced such a brisk burst of activity. No sooner had the first 500 copies of the central government's Act to Suppress Immoral Traffic arrived than a flood of customers snapped them up. The act, designed to outlaw brothels and subject pimps to severe punishments, was passed in 1956; but Parliament delayed enforcement so that India's prostitutes could find other ways to make a living and state governments would have time (though few bothered) to build "rehabilitation homes." Last week, just after the law finally went into effect, every red-light district in the nation buzzed with indignant schemes for getting around it.

In India, where young girls were once dedicated to temple gods as *devadasis*, whose mission was to serve worshippers with their bodies, whole castes and communities engage in prostitution, and the

government's long war against the profession has met with singular lack of success. When the state of Bengal tried to shut down brothels after World War II, it merely found itself confronted with a sudden rash of "Bath and Massage Clinics." Now much the same story seemed to take place again. Outside New Delhi's Parliament building 75 sari-clad young women protested to M.P.s, in a classic argument used by shady ladies everywhere, that to close red-light districts would be to make respectable women prey to "sex-starved people like bachelors, widowers and the like."

Some of Calcutta's prostitutes have begun marrying the pimps they work for, on the theory that no court could prosecute a husband for bringing "friends" home for dinner. In one Uttar Pradesh area, police faced another difficulty: by custom, a girl can take on as many lovers as she wishes, so long as she lives in her father's house.

At week's end, from Bombay's squalid rows of cage-like prostitute cubicles to Calcutta's exotic Places of the Golden Trees, where the girls regale their more cultivated clients with recitations from Bengali poets, business seemed to be going on pretty much as usual. But one Allahabad prostitute, more militant, went to court, arguing that, by depriving her of her livelihood, the new law "frustrated the very purpose of the welfare state."

The Deadly Pattern

They call it *Olaohia*, and pray to the goddess *Ma Olaichandi* to keep it away. But each year the people of Calcutta know that before the reviving monsoon rains arrive some time in June, the infection will sweep through their steaming and fetid streets, sometimes killing as many as half of those it touches. Even for a city stamped by the World Health Organization as the "worst cholera epi-

demetic area in the world," this year's outbreak has been especially bad. At one point the Nilratan Sarkar hospital, which specializes in treating the disease, was admitting a new patient every four minutes, the highest admission rate the hospital has known in 20 years.

All day, vans equipped with loudspeakers drive through the city begging people to get inoculated. In narrow alleys drummers parade like town criers, carrying the same message. But as in every year, all these efforts have come too late. Though 400 inoculators have been at work since November, they reached only 300,000 out of 4,000,000 people in five months. One reason: the money for the necessary hypodermic syringes just never showed up. When the epidemic struck in earnest, five of the city's 22 ambulances had been condemned as useless, and ten more were under repair. Only one driver was on duty at a time to answer calls for help.

Everyone knows that Calcutta's water system is precariously close to collapse, but it has not been overhauled since 1926. Sewage invariably seeps into the drinking water, carrying possible death to every tap. In spite of a belated garbage-collecting campaign, piles of refuse still lie festering along Calcutta's winding "gullies," and on street after street, vendors of rotting food still hawk their fly-infested wares. In the teeming *bustees* (slums), where people drink out of the same slimy ponds they wash in, the disease spreads relentlessly from hut to hut, bringing with it its agonizing retching and diarrhea. In one week alone nearly 1,000 people died—yet India's government continues to be too little and too late with help. Said one bitter physician after ten hours with his vomiting patients: "We don't mind hard work if it is worthwhile. But after a time the epidemic will subside only to recur the same time next year, and the pattern it will follow will be identical and without any improvement."

LAOS

The Nameless Menace

In Greece, in Russia, in China, there is a word for it: a Communist is called a Communist. But not in Laos. A man who follows Moscow or Peking is called a Pathet Lao, a Neo Lao Haksat, sometimes a "tool of a foreign power" (unnamed), but never called what he is, for in Laotian, there is no word for Communist. This state of affairs may not last long after last week's events in the landlocked mountain kingdom carved out of French Indo-China, bordered on the north by Red China and the northeast by Red North Viet Nam.

Ever since Laos's right-wing Premier, Prince Souvanna Phouma, 56, last November took his pro-Communist half brother Prince Souphanouvong, 45, into the coalition government as a price for ending the war between the regime and the Communist-led Pathet Lao army, people had been warning the Premier. But the Premier insisted that his half brother was not a Communist; insisted that he

was only a "neutralist," so how could there be any danger from Souphanouvong's new pro-Communist Patriotic Front?

Reds in Ruins. The progovernment parties, relaxedly getting ready for an election, split their strength. The Patriotic Front of the nameless ones were solidly united. They stumped the villages asking Laotians, "Where is the U.S. aid? Has any of it reached here?"—and had the effrontery to suggest that they would do a better job of distributing it. No one could deny that much of the \$40 million worth of aid that the U.S. has funneled annually into Laos had got no farther than the pockets of government officials (TIME, Nov. 4). But this was not all the nameless ones did. As part of the truce,



USIS—Vientiane
PRINCE SOUPHANOUVONG
Only a Neo Lao Haksat.

two battalions of Communist Pathet Lao soldiers had been integrated into the royal army. Ignoring commands, they policed in the villages. Favorite stunt: before entering a remote village, they dismounted from jeeps and put on ragged clothes, claiming that they had just come from a village that was well off "until the Americans bribed the government into resuming the war." Now, said the Reds, pointing to their rags, they were ruined.

Fertility First. The day before election was *Balang Fai*, the annual spring Fertility Festival. In the administrative capital of Vientiane (pop. 35,000), all except the most respected males were out from dawn to late at night, drinking and parading up and down the streets, carrying phallic symbols, hoisting up bamboo poles at which puppets were shown in the act of sexual intercourse; French postcards were pinned on men's sleeves, and men dressed up like women submitted to mock rape in the streets while the women stood by giggling.

Next morning, pulling themselves together, the men and, for the first time in history, the women of Laos filed into poll-

ing stations set up in Buddhist temples. The results proved a shock for complacent Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma. Prince Souphanouvong's pro-Communist Party appeared to have won eight seats, neutralist candidates supported by the Communists captured four others—twelve of the 21 races. In the royal seat of Luang Prabang, Reds won three of four contests. The Red Prince now expects to control 20 of the 59 seats in the National Assembly.

In his office at the U.S. Operations Mission warehouse at Vientiane (which serves as his headquarters as Minister of Planning) the Red Prince Souphanouvong still insisted that, despite the months he spent in Red China, "I don't know what a Communist is." The time had obviously come for more Laotians to find out.

TAHITI

Paradise Regained

Just about the last place France expected to be troublesome was Tahiti. The largest island of French Polynesia, Tahiti, 2,600 miles southeast of Hawaii, spends most of its time dreaming under swaying palms while the surf breaks gently on the coral reefs. Generations of expatriates—from Melville to Robert Louis Stevenson to Gauguin—have fled to the islands seeking forgetfulness in the company of sunlit skies and black-haired amoral vahines.

Trouble in paradise began in Papeete, capital city of the islands, when a Tahitian politician with the resounding name of Jean-Baptiste Cérân-Jérusalem and his governing R.D.P.T. Party (*Rassemblement Démocratique des Populations Tahitiennes*) put forward a bill in the territorial assembly to impose an income tax, and announced a drive to seek independence from France for a new Republic of Tahiti.

Local businessmen, who are mostly Chinese, closed their shops in a strike against the income tax. And a throng of Tahitians who did not want to leave the protective custody of France gathered outside the territorial assembly building in protest. Someone thoughtfully arranged to bring up three truckloads of stones so that the demonstrators did not even have to bend down to find their missiles. Taking aim, the crowd managed to break 57 windows in the assembly building while Tahitian gendarmes tried vainly to recall what the textbooks said about riot control. An official who still retained a dim memory of how these things are handled in Europe ordered fire hoses turned on the crowd—but the water pressure proved so low that the demonstrators were gently sprayed instead of being driven from the street.

At week's end a petition signed by prominent islanders was on its way to Paris urging President René Coty not to grant Tahiti an independence it does not want. Politician Cérân-Jérusalem had second thoughts as well, and put in a long-distance call to President Coty to promise that he and his entire R.D.P.T. Party were "indefectibly" attached to France after all.

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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Stones—and a Warning

In Lima's broad and sunny central plaza, the Vice President of the U.S. reverently laid at the base of a monument to Liberator José San Martín a wreath whose entwined flowers depicted the Peruvian and U.S. flags. Outwardly Richard Nixon was at ease and confident; inwardly he had to consider warnings from Peruvian police and his own security people to skip the next stop on his program, Lima's 400-year-old University of San Marcos.

As Nixon pondered, Communist Student Leader Gustavo Valcárcel and about 2,000 party-line followers were boldly trying to slam shut the school's main gates, only to be foiled by a disapproving majority of the students. Valcárcel redeployed his hot-eyed troops, in the street, barring entrance to San Marcos, and waited.

"Go Home, Viper!" The wreath-laying over, Nixon said to his Secret Service chief: "We are going to San Marcos." Soon his white convertible neared the sweating demonstrators, whose faces twisted with hatred as they cried, "Nixon is a viper!" Nixon turned to an aide, said: "I think we ought to take it on," got out of the car. He briskly shook some outstretched hands, shouted over the angry roar: "I came to talk with you! Have your leader come out and talk."

What came, instead of Communist Valcárcel, was a shower of stones. One grazed Nixon's neck. "Go home, Nixon!" a youth screamed into the Vice President's ear. "I'll go home," Nixon answered, "but first why don't you come and talk with me? You are cowards! Come here and talk." But by then, stones had hit some of Nixon's aides. He withdrew. Valcárcel & Co. stampeded to the Plaza San Martín and shredded the flowers that formed the U.S. flag in the wreath. Catching up with Nixon again as he walked toward his hotel, they spat on him and threw garbage.

For violence and discourtesy, Nixon's reception at San Marcos set melancholy records. But it differed only in degree and cynically competent organization from student reaction in Uruguay, Argentina and Bolivia, and the international Communist pattern was plain to see. The leaflet-spread slurs at the Vice President, e.g., "Nixon Dog!", the party-line taunts, e.g., "Insolent representative of monopolistic trusts," "What about the Negroes in the South?", and the phony causes, e.g., "Free Puerto Rico,"[®] were everywhere the same. The aim: implanting throughout the world the propaganda theme of hatred for the U.S. in its own backyard.

Neglected Neighbors. Real grievances as well as Communist leadership went into South America's anti-Nixon demon-

strations, and Peru (pop. 9,900,000) has its share of troubles. Historically, Peru is a firm U.S. ally. Conservative President Manuel Prado is pro-U.S.—and so is the big, left-of-center APRA Party, which in a marriage of convenience put Prado into office two years ago.

But except for a small, close-knit oligarchy, Peru is poor; laborers in Lima get \$1 a day. Poverty breeds envy of the rich U.S., and a distrust of capitalism. Noted Nixon after a look at Peru: "South America is not going to support a system of free enterprise if the system appears designed primarily to maintain the status quo and protect the wealth and good life for the few." The U.S. has also suffered prestige setbacks from Sputnik and Little Rock, and from its take-'em-for-granted attitude toward its hemisphere neighbors. Latin Americans widely credit the U.S. with favoring hated strongmen; Venezuela is currently irked because Washington gave a U.S. visa to ex-Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez.

To these smoldering grudges, the U.S. recession has added new coals. Peru, for example, fears Congress' threat to raise lead and zinc tariffs, which would throw 35,000 Peruvian miners out of jobs and slash the country's dollar supply. The Communists, exploiting the anti-U.S. opening, have raised the membership of their illegal party to more than 30,000.

Vanished Blondness. After the stones flew, most of Peru was embarrassed; NIXON STONED IN PERU headlines contrasted markedly with the fun-and-games note of his visits earlier in the week to Paraguay and Bolivia. Lima's Foreign Ministry sent Nixon its regrets, and the San Marcos Student Federation condemned the attack as "barbaric." Nixon deplored the "violent and vocal minority that denied freedom of expression, with-



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ACTRESS NOVAK & GENERAL TRUJILLO
'One never knows.'

The Beverly Hilton

out which no institution of learning deserves the word 'great.' In Ecuador, where he went next, university students, traditionally anti-Peruvian, elaborately pointed out to Nixon that Ecuadorian manners are better. This week in Colombia, a crowd cheered him at the airport, but a Communist-led squad of students burned his picture outside his hotel.

The Vice President's fifth foreign tour could no longer be a bland good-will mission in the manner of his round-the-world trip of 1953 or his visits to the Caribbean in 1955, the Far and Near East in 1956, Africa in 1957. The dividends instead would be the fair warning of Communist progress in Latin America and of the urgent need for U.S. attention, plus the admiration that Dick Nixon earned by his own show of calmness and courage.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC Ramfis' Conquests

"A wonderful gentleman," said Kim Novak, her hazel eyes wide and dreamy. "A real good-will ambassador for his country. He likes hamburgers and so do I." Zsa Zsa Gabor swooningly agreed: "One of the finest men I've ever met."

Such character references are not easy to earn, but Hollywood thought it knew how Lieut. General Rafael ("Ramfis") Trujillo Jr., 28, eldest son of the Dominican dictator, got them. At a Los Angeles foreign-car agency, where he bought a \$12,000 Mercedes-Benz to replace his old Cadillac, Ramfis shipped off another \$5,500 Mercedes to Zsa Zsa and an \$8,500 model to Kim. Later he picked up the tab for a \$17,000 chinchilla coat that Zsa Zsa had ordered. Calling himself "one of the wealthiest young men in the world," Ramfis termed the gifts "surprises."

Commander in chief of the two-bit

Dominican air force, Ramfis came to the U.S. last summer to attend a year's course at the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College in Leavenworth, Kans. Because of frequent leaves, arranged through his embassy in Washington, he has apparently remained innocent of the higher principles of military strategy, but his café-society tactics have improved by the week.

On one leave, in March, he went to the West Coast to sun his ailing sinuses. A lithe, five-goal polo player, Ramfis was presently presiding over ringside tables at Mocambo and L'Escoffier. One evening he grandly wrote out a check for \$25,000 to Walter Winchell for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund.

Then he met Kim, and they were together for big dates and small. Could it be love? "One never knows," said Kim. But all the publicity brought out an embarrassing fact: back home, Ramfis has a wife named Octavia ("Tan Tan") and six children. Frankly surprised, Kim said she had planned to send the car back anyway. "There's not even room in my carport," said she. Zsa Zsa was gladly hanging on to both her presents. At Leavenworth, the Army announced that Ramfis, who last week had his adenoids removed, had been completing his assignments by mail, and he would graduate in June along with his less-traveled classmates.

CANADA

Deeper Than Dollars

Canadian officials in Ottawa, who frequently complain that Canada's genuine gripes against the U.S. seldom penetrate the famed "undefended border," last week were happily quoting a report published in Washington for the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. In it, Com-



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gressmen Brooks Hays of Arkansas and Frank M. Coffin of Maine, both Democrats, tartly warned of a disturbing "erosion in the traditionally excellent relationships between the United States and Canada," called on the U.S. to mend its thoughtless ways of dealing with its neighbor. Some Canadian newspapers saluted the report as confirming what they had been saying all along; others wondered if Canada's record was spotless.

On a special study mission, Congressmen Hays and Coffin interviewed some 125 leading Canadians in Montreal and Ottawa, heard familiar complaints about U.S. tariffs, oil import quotas, and price-cutting in sales of surplus wheat. They also found a nagging worry that U.S. corporations are gaining too much control over Canadian resources.

"Patronizing Assumption." But the sense of injury went deeper than dollars. Particularly galling to Canadians, the inquiring Congressmen found, were U.S. citizens who "adopted a patronizing assumption that Canada, like a poor relation, would remain at our beck and call." Among the symptoms of discontent: revived protectionist sentiment, a desire to divert trade away from the U.S., and "a tinge of 'anti-United States' sentiment which is usually hedged about with protestations of continued affection, but is nevertheless widespread."

The Congressmen found that a simple "lack of awareness" is at the root of many irritations; a careful regard for Canadian interests and sensibilities by U.S. officials and businessmen would do much to smooth relations. So would more frequent visits by Americans, and better coverage of Canada by U.S. newsmen.

Most Canadian newspapers applauded the good sense and good will manifest in the report. One, the *Toronto Telegram*, took occasion to read off a famed Canadian freelance writer, Bruce Hutchison, for using such overcharged expressions as "ominous," "hostile," and "disconcertingly painful" in a *Harper's Magazine* article in which he also referred to U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles as "an unmitigated disaster." Said the *Telegram*: "To explain to an American that Mr. Hutchison acts as an adviser to [Opposition Leader Lester] Pearson, has little acquaintance with leading figures in the new government at Ottawa, and has long exhibited a deep hatred of Mr. Dulles, hardly offsets the mischief in the article."

"Humorless Cry-Baby." For a few other newspapers that carped at the Hays-Coffin findings, the *Ottawa Journal* had only mock-serious despair. "The trouble, apparently, is that some stroke of cruel misfortune has placed Canadians, wise, virtuous, altruistic, full of grace, all but perfect in their thoughts, acts and general conduct, alongside a people who are imperfect, who lack our wisdom, idealism, grace and near-perfect behavior, leaving us in a mess. Are we not in danger of losing all sense of proportion—becoming in the process a sort of humorless cry-baby of the Western world?"



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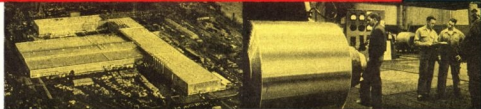
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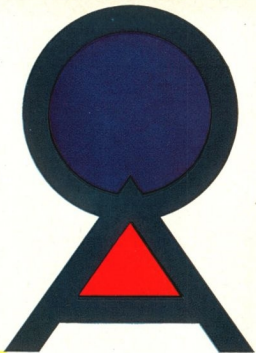
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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In a jovial farewell to the cast of *The Entertainer*, in which he played a boozy, aging song-and-dance man, Actor **Laurence Olivier** piped some 150 show-world guests (among them: **Lena Horne**, **Peter Ustinov**, **Ralph Bellamy**) aboard a chartered excursion liner for a midnight cruise up the Hudson River. Garbed somewhat loosely in naval attire (explained mink-clad Actress **Jessica Tandy**: "I'm dressed as a Russian lady sailor"), Olivier's un-nautical crew dipped into champagne and stout, danced Scottish reels to the skirl of a bagpipe, taxied home from the cruise at 3:30 in the morning.

"Knowing that you know of a situation for a boy; and being desirous of obtaining one," the letter read. "I will with your permission apply for it. I would like to get a position where I would have a good chance of advancement." Last week, 75 years after he was hired as an office boy (salary: \$4 a week), spry **Frederick Hudson Ecker**, 90, honorary board chairman of the giant (\$80 billion in insurance) Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., sat through a dinner in his honor, reminisced to his audience about the company's great past, President for seven years (1929-36) and board chairman for 15 more, Ecker has worked without pay since 1938, is still consulted on big investments—and still shows no signs of retiring.

Helping some 3,000,000 Minnesotans celebrate their statehood centennial last week were Norway's comely **Princess Astrid**, daughter of **King Olav V**, and Sweden's **Prince Bertil**, third son of **King Gustaf VI Adolf**. Earlier, the royal

junketeers, who looked none the worse for the four-day hullabaloo, had found time for New York shopping and lunch in Washington with **President Eisenhower** and **Mamie**. But Bertil, who arrived in the U.S. two days earlier than Astrid, had one regret: no time for golf.

Onetime Staff Sergeant **Matthew McKeon**, 33, on the slow Marine Corps road back, after he was busted to private following the death by drowning of six recruits from his training platoon on a tragic night march two years ago, earned a promotion to corporal.

As usual, the splashy annual Cannes film festival produced its share of ecydysis among the visiting females. A Yugoslav beauty challenged Cannes Visitor **Jayne Mansfield** to a boom-or-bust tape-measure duel. Two Norwegian models,



LOREN, SAMOILOVA, GAYNOR & YUDINA
And then there was Norway.

coynly heeding the open-fronted tradition begun by the late Starlet Simone Silva four years ago, consented to some slightly untrammeled poses for photographers. Bulging into the limelight in a different way, a well-turned bevy of cinema quail (Italy's sunbrowned **Sophia Loren**, Russia's **Tatiana Samoilova**, Hollywood's **Mitzi Gaynor** and Russia's **Lina Yudinina**) stood shoulder to shoulder in a wary display of international solidarity.

Looking as if wedded bliss was everything he asked of it, hopeful Crooner **Dennis Crosby**, 23, son of Old Groaner **Bing**, avoided the obvious to gaze into the eyes of his Showgirl Bride **Pat Sheehan**, 26. No sooner had the junior Crosbys taken their vows in Las Vegas, Nev., where Pat, a divorcee, hoofs in a nightclub, than word leaked out in Los Angeles that sometime Telephone Operator **Marilyn Scott**, 25, as the result of a little unwedded bliss with Dennis, was the mother of a 5½-month-old daughter, whose support has been provided by the Crosby



MR. & MRS. DENNIS CROSBY
And then there were three.

lawyers. Worse yet, Dennis, a Catholic, was aware that the first marriage of Pat, a Protestant, was probably valid, and so he could not marry her in his own church. Hiding from the press through it all was Dennis' dad, himself just past the newlywed stage with Cinemorse **Kathy Grant**.

Keen on the sporting life since his days as an amateur pug in Prague, barrel-chested Metropolitan Tenor **Kurt Baum** asked a former neighbor, Wrestler **Antonino Rocca**, to demonstrate his headlock technique. As any friend would, Rocca grabbed Baum's head and squeezed. Result: one blocked nasal passage, aggravating an old injury, one canceled singing tour, one operation for Tenor Baum. Said he ruefully in the hospital: "One moment I had perfect pitch, the next a nose that felt like a ripe persimmon."

Without mommy's help, blonde, seven-year-old **Princess Anne** bravely walked into London's Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children—the first member of Britain's royal family to be treated in a public institution. Later, minus tonsils and adenoids, Anne greeted her parents **Queen Elizabeth** and **Prince Philip**, remained aloof from the carping of the London press, which weepily urged that the "lonely patient in Ward D7" be allowed to play with the other kiddies.

Playwright **Paddy (Marty) Chayefsky**, a specialist in soul-probing among the urban proletariat, gave a group of Washington, D.C. actors a spasm of comment on his own class: "I've never known a good writer who observed anyone but himself. Megalomania is one of the prime requisites of being a good writer. Writers write out of different convictions. For example, Saroyan believes life is beautiful. That's a hard message to get over in a recession."



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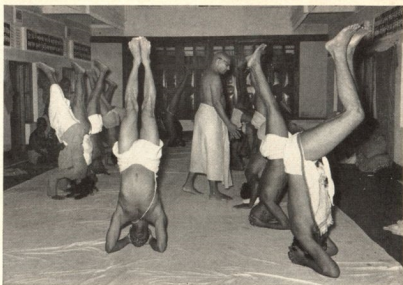
Solomon would have been astonished. In Jerusalem last week the Israelis dedicated a "supreme religious center" in the form of a glittering seven-story building, white-cupolaed and monumental with pillars, fitted out inside with tiles and marble, English oak paneling, elevators, and hot-air blowers (instead of towels) in the lavatories. It cost \$1,700,000—more than two-thirds of it from the pocket of British Chain Store Tycoon Isaac Wolfson—and the dedication ceremony was appropriate for a building that aspires to be the new center of religious law for all the world's Orthodox Jews.

Bearded rabbis in frock coats and black hats stepped solemnly down King George Avenue to the pale gold building, crossed the pastel rose and green entrance hall and climbed the Galilee-marble staircase (or took the elevator) to the huge reception hall on the fifth floor. They mingled there with a crush of notables as international as Israel herself: robed prelates of the Greek Orthodox and Coptic Churches, Moslem and Druse dignitaries, and members of the diplomatic corps (who kept their hats on like their Israeli hosts). There were even some English ladies in picture hats—guests of Benefactor Wolfson—bobbing like exotic flowers in the wilderness of beards and black hats, and they caused a dither of commotion among the ushers when they refused to be seated in isolation at the back of the hall, insisting on accompanying their menfolk.

Rosy-checked Donor Wolfson formally declared the center open, accepted a gold key and quipped: "First time in my life I've ever received a golden dividend on opening day." There were prayers, speeches, readings of messages and sing-



CHIEF RABBI HERZOG
Solomon would be surprised.



INDIAN STRAIGHT MEN IN TRAINING
Wholly holy.

James Shepherd

ing of psalms. Two Yemenites ended the ceremony with a blast on twisted ram's horn shofars.

Irreverent Israelis call the new center "the Vatican"; the more cynical refer to it as "party headquarters" for Mizrahi, the National Religious Party in Premier David Ben-Gurion's government. The Chief Rabbinate that the center will house—Ashkenazic Chief Rabbi Isaac Halevi Herzog and Sephardic Chief Rabbi Itzhak Nissim, plus their staffs of scholars and law courts—has jurisdiction over marriage, divorce and many disputes affecting the personal status of Israelis. The rabbinate—which is already staffing its research departments with Talmudic scholars for the job—is breaking new ground in setting itself up as chief authority among the world's Jews in interpretation of the Talmud.

The New Sadhu

Sadhu is the Sanskrit word for "straight," and the straight-living, ascetic sadhus of India were once the bearers of Hindu holiness. Robed in saffron or stark naked, smeared with ashes or painted vermilion, shaven bald or mat-haired, they wandered through the world with their begging bowls, dispensing sacred teaching, sage advice and examples of the unworldly life.

Inevitably another breed of sadhu arose that was anything but straight. Trading on the enormous prestige of the holy men, these daubed wanderers move from village to village dispensing magic charms and quack cure-alls and mulcting the credulous peasants. Today at least 75% of India's 8,000,000-odd sadhus are racketeering fakes. Last week something was being done about it for the first time. At Rishikesh, a Hindu holy place on the Ganges about 140 miles from New Delhi, officials opened the first of a series of training camps for sadhus.

Blood in the Brain. Purpose of the project is twofold: 1) to issue identity cards to all sadhus and thus drive the crooks out of business by denying them cards; 2) to harness sadhu selflessness for the social betterment of India. The pilot plant at Rishikesh, run by the Indian Association of Sadhus, is a complex of one-story concrete-and-brick buildings equipped with such unascetic features as electric lights, telephones, and outboard motor dinghies to ferry sadhus and supplies across the river. Fifty holy men from all over the country are spending a month there studying political philosophy, social service and hygiene, as well as the principles of Hinduism. Yoga exercises are also on the curriculum—not as a means to spiritual perfection but to tone up sagging sadhu physiques (students are reminded that Prime Minister Nehru stands on his head half an hour each morning to get plenty of blood into his brain).

The sadhus-in-training (one is an M.A. in philosophy and psychology, and several are retired government officials) rise at 4 a.m. and go to bed at 9 p.m., spend the day in prayers, lectures, exercises and devotional chants, plus the chrousing of such slogans as "Help Raise India" and "The Way to Godhood Is to Be Good, Do Good and Die."

Double-Edged Sword. The "government sadhus," as old-line holy men already contemptuously call them, are expected to return to their own parts of the country equipped to combat such evils as the caste system, official corruption, adulteration of foodstuffs and the dismaying influence of local dialects. They will also try to debunk the sadhu as an object of superstitious awe by presenting themselves simply as do-gooders, rather than miracle men, and interpreting Hindu scripture in terms of social service.

Explained one new-look sadhu at the training center last week: "We will be a



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double-edged sword, cutting at conservatism on the one hand, and on the other hand checking the ultramodern tendencies that threaten to destroy the Indian way of life and culture."

Farewell Performance

One day in 1870, a Madison Avenue minister refused to officiate at the funeral of Actor George Holland and thereby helped make one of Manhattan's landmarks. There was "a little church around the corner" where the funeral might be held, the minister suggested, and actors have been going to the Little Church Around the Corner, on 29th Street just off Fifth Avenue, ever since.

Last week 300 of them turned out at a luncheon to honor the Rev. Dr.



Yale Joel—LIFE

RECTOR RAY
Tallulah wanted a drink.

J. H. Randolph Ray, rector of the Little Church (officially, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration), who will retire next month on his 72nd birthday. Master of ceremonies was Cornelia Otis Skinner, who hailed Mississippi-born Dr. Ray as "our spiritual stage manager and director." His star-hung cast for the occasion included Ralph Bellamy, Howard Lindsay, Peggy Wood, William Gaxton and Vinton Freedley, but the brightest was Tallulah Bankhead. Rising, she turned to New York's Bishop Horace W. B. Donegan and began "Your Grace . . .", then looked at the array of prelates on the dais and gave up. "Oh, the hell with it," she said, and began all over again: "My beloved Dr. Ray . . ."

Tallulah came to the flock originally as "kissin' kin" of the rector; her mother's uncle was Dr. Ray's great-grandfather. One day she approached him and explained: "Dahling, I'm the only unregenerate heathen among my friends. Even Bea Lillie goes to church every Sunday. I'd like to be confirmed. Can't you do something?" Dr. Ray recalls that "she

came regularly for instruction, and on the morning of the ceremony she telephoned early. 'Dahling,' she said, 'I know I'm not supposed to eat anything, but may I have a drink of water?' Of water, I told her, but not anything stronger! And I was answered by throaty laughter over the phone—for, say what you will of Tallulah, she is a very honest girl."

Apart from actors, the picturesque Little Church's internationally famed specialty is the happy sacrament of marriage. Much of Dr. Ray's ministry has been devoted to interviewing and advising prospective brides and grooms. In his 35 years as rector—only the third in the church's 110-year history—about 65,000 weddings have been performed at the Little Church, some 25,000 of them by Dr. Ray himself.

Storm in a Cup

And he took the cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them; and they all drank of it.

—Mark 14:23

In the 19 centuries since that first Communion, Christians have worked out many ways of administering the sacramental cup. Roman Catholics reserve the wine for the priest. Baptists and many other Protestant groups deliver grape juice in tiny paper cups to church members in their pews. But the Anglicans, Episcopalians, Orthodox and most Lutherans use a common chalice, held by the server to the lips of each kneeling communicant.

Unsanitary! has been a recurrent cry against this practice ever since the discovery of bacteria. Last week it was heard again, this time in official tones. The Kansas State Board of Health, which has had a regulation since 1912 against the use of common drinking cups, put the Communion cup in the same category—"a potential source for the transmission of communicable disease." Episcopalians Evan Wright, director of the board's Food and Drug Division, was irate at the abandonment in his local church of the alternative method known as "intinction"—dipping the wafer into the wine. He did not threaten to have communicating priests arrested, but he said that he was not able to take Communion in the traditional form: "It is a very serious matter with me. I may even have to change my church."

Kansas' Episcopal Bishop Goodrich R. Fenner disdained to make any hygienic defense of the common chalice,* relied instead on church tradition. "I am not going to take any notice of the Board of Health," he announced, backed up by Kansas' Lutheran and Orthodox churches. "Our first loyalty is to the church." As for Director Wright, the bishop said: "Christianity can beat a sanitarian."

* Such as experiments indicating that the bactericidal property of silver, from which most chalices are made, plus the practice of turning the cup between communicants and wiping its drinking edge with a clean cloth (called a "purificator"), make the common Communion cup "not an important vector of infectious disease."

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*Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.

EDUCATION

The Taxpayers' View

There were signs last week that the potter about U.S. schools was no longer exclusively the jousting ground of editors and educationists. In two cities parents and property holders were making up their own minds:

¶ Taking a long, thoughtful look at Seattle's public schools, a citizens' committee issued a report giving them generally good marks in math and science, mixed reviews on a conglomerate English program called "language arts." After a startled glance at the history setup in the city's high schools, the committee observed: "We note with regret that World History is no longer required, however valuable the course in 'Contemporary Problems' may be. It is difficult to see how students can give mature consideration to contemporary problems without background in history apart from American History." Foreign-language teaching starts out well, ends badly: "The elective Spanish courses offered to the more able students beginning at the seventh-grade level seem to be well presented as a living language. The senior high school courses seem to be presented more mechanically with greater emphasis on meeting college-entrance requirements."

¶ In Salt Lake City, teachers clamored for a "leeway" referendum to allow the school board to add 5 mills to property taxes, lost badly after a campaign that degenerated into a dogfight between pressure groups, with teachers opposing the Chamber of Commerce and citizens' committees. Observers felt that the recession weighed only lightly in the defeat. Out of several such leeway referendums in Utah this year, only one has succeeded; yet all bond issues for new school buildings have passed. The difference: much of the leeway money would go to across-the-board teachers' pay raises. A study on merit pay has poked along for four years, but teachers have been consistently cool to the idea of raises given according to ability. Said one disgusted citizen last week: "Sure a good career teacher is worth more money. And a science teacher is worth more than a gymnasium teacher. But the educators just won't look at it that way. Pay the good teacher more, but also pay the lousy teacher more? Nuts!"

The Good Teacher

The course called "Refresher Math" at James Lick High School in San Jose, Calif. (pop. 150,000) is a dumping ground for the supposedly unteachable—and the untaught. The math ability of its students runs to about fifth-grade level; their IQs are the school's lowest. This year a phenomenon startling enough to be called a "miracle" by James Lick Principal William Baker is taking place: Refresher Math students are beginning to learn math. Catalyst of the change is a wiry, tireless 36-year-old Turk named Tanju Ergil, who does not own a teaching certificate.

Ergil was hired on a provisional basis last fall to teach art and math. He had taught a year at Stanford, three years at the Army's language center at Monterey, a year at a New York junior college and two years at a San Francisco prep school, but lacked the education-course credits required for a permanent post in California public schools. Within days after he showed up, he startled faculty and students.

First, he proved to be a relative rarity among high school art teachers—an able artist. Said one student: "We never had an art teacher who could really draw



Reginald McGovern

UNCERTIFIED INSTRUCTOR ERGIL
Awakening the untaught.

before." Next, he roused the slow learners in his math course from their vegetable torpor. His method: "I told them that they had to work hard because in order for me to feel a dignity in my work I had to accomplish something, and that something was to teach them math. I said I was very interested in not wasting my time. At first they didn't believe me. They were accustomed to not doing their homework and having the teacher say, 'All right, that's a zero.' But I made an issue out of it. I embarrassed them."

More About Everything. When some of his students refused to be roused, Ergil announced that he would wrestle any boy who did not turn in homework. Half a dozen or so of the huskier kids took him up. The slightly built (5 ft. 9 in., 145 lbs.) teacher marched them to the gym, convinced them in successive falls of the importance of hard study. Ergil's qualifications for teaching, it turned out, included wrestling for his alma mater, the University of Istanbul. Other qualifications of Liberal Artist Ergil, now a U.S. citizen: two years of pre-med training, three years of political



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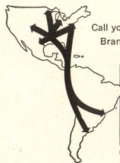
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science and law, a master's degree from Stanford in French literature.

With rough stuff and great patience, Ergil teaches his slow learners math, and in the bargain teaches them something of self-respect. Said one newly awakened child: "I want to learn more about everything." When Ergil persuaded school officials to let him try to teach his backward youngsters algebra next year, there were twice as many volunteers from the slow learners as he could handle. Said Principal Baker of the algebra project: "I don't believe it can be done, but if anyone can do it, he can." With an eye to state programs for low-IQ children, he added: "If he does, it is going to upset a lot of appecarts."

Squeeze the Lemon. Not all of Teacher Ergil's innovations have been made in the slow youngsters' math class. To bright students who complain about the quality of their classes, he advises, "First squeeze your teacher as you would a lemon, and when there is no more lemon juice, then you can complain. I don't know a single teacher in this school who has been squeezed of what he knows." Two months ago, a group of college prep students pestered Ergil to play lemon. Result: twice a week, after school hours, he conducts a seminar in philosophy. Ergil gets no added pay for the course, and students get no course credit, but attendance is large, even on afternoons when the baseball team plays at home. A Mexican farm laborer's son assessed the seminar: "Everywhere else people tell you what to think. In other classes, reasons are given out of a book. Here, I get them out of myself."

Principal Baker calls the rigid certification requirements that block Ergil's advancement "ridiculous," meanwhile can only rehire his teaching phenomenon in a temporary post. Uncertified Teacher Ergil drives into San Francisco two nights a week to take education courses, will have to plow through instruction in such matters as "Mental Hygiene and Personality Development" before he gets his certificate, probably in January. Tired, and a little vexed, he said last week: "I feel in the teaching profession you do not have money, but you do have integrity of the mind. You do not have to compromise with knowledge. But now I am forced to do so. A teacher should be judged only on the students he turns out."

Style at St. Trinian's

Perhaps the least alluring covering ever devised for the female body, not excluding the Mother Hubbard, the feathers of the Harpies, or the St. Laurent trapeze, is the saggy, sorry habit of the British private-school girl. At best, the ensemble—long black woolen or cotton stockings, knickers that approach the knee, a vague navy-blue outer garment called a gym slip and a long-sleeved, high-necked blouse with a frumpy tie—makes her resemble a hockey goalie; at sorriest, a carelessly stuffed knaowurst. Cartoonist Ronald Searle immortalized the getup in his books on "St. Trinian's."

Last week the headmistress of one pri-

Braniff serves both Idlewild and Newark airports in New York



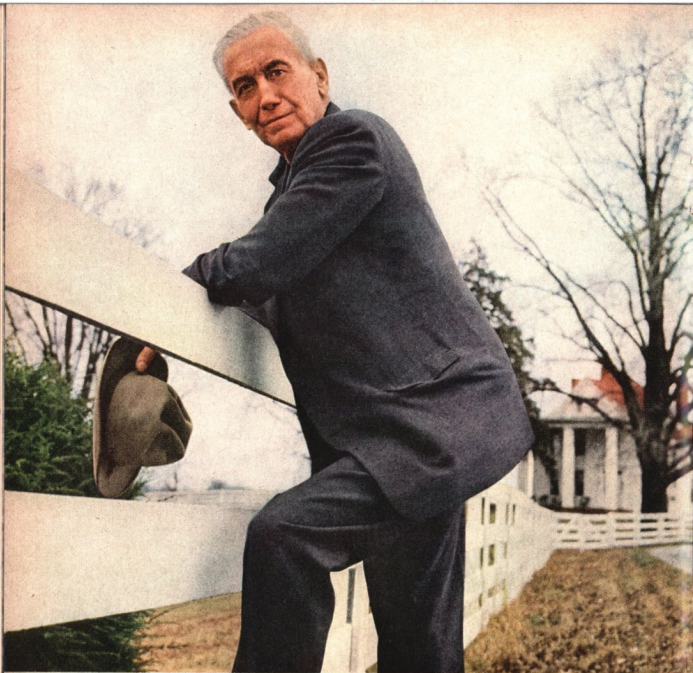
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vate school defended the costume: "There is no reason for a girl to be a girl until she leaves school. That's quite early enough." A buyer for Daniel Neal, largest English supplier of children's uniforms, presented a different defense: "The British school-girl just doesn't have the sort of figure one ought to draw attention to. Her poor little tum bulging with rice pudding, you know, and no foundation garments to take care of her seat. More often than not she is covered with a thick layer of puppy fat, and we think it more tactful to keep most of her well covered up."

British *Vogue* Editor Audrey Withers complained that the uniforms give British girls scant chance to "blossom into



© Ronald Searle

BRITISH SCHOOLGIRL

Like a carelessly stuffed knackwurst.

pretty, well-dressed young women." Recently one girls' school decided that a modest blossoming might not bring on moral blight: Headmistress Eileen Evans of Bedfordshire's Luton High School announced that her sixth-formers (mostly 17-year-olds) could chuck their uniforms, put on regular dresses, nylons and makeup—but no jewelry. Encouraged by this move, one clothier last week invited headmistresses to a showing of remodeled uniforms, including gym slips with "a hint of fashion line."

But the British gym slip clings fast, although it reveals nothing. The frosty comment of a spokeswoman for Brighton's Roedean School: "We have absolutely no intention of modifying our uniform." During the week, well-blossomed (35-24-36) Suzanne Cripps, 12, was asked to leave St. Helena's school for girls in Eastbourne. Reason: With her mother's consent, and after school hours, she got herself up in shorts and a halter, was photographed by newsmen. Her headmistress looked at the results, decided she was "much too precocious."



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TELEVISION & RADIO

Verdict Is In

As playwrights have long known, there are few more dramatic situations than a court trial. But TV cameras are not allowed in courtrooms, and dramatized trial scenes often suffer from their own contrived complexity. Last week a program that captures much of the unrehearsed spontaneity and unpredictability of a real trial was the year's biggest success in afternoon television.

Only a Brief. CBS's *The Verdict Is Yours* (3:30 p.m., E.D.T.) has no script, and not even the producer knows what the verdict will be. Instead, each "trial"

which Court Reporter Jim McKay breaks in on, explaining that here is a chance to hear from the sponsor.

The result is that many a televisioner firmly believes in the existence of Overlook, *Verdict's* fictitious small city (pop. 125,000), its malefactors and martyrs, its country club and Skid Row, the awful goings-on at the outlying Mountain View Inn. Recalls Director Paul: "One of our lawyers got a long-distance call from a Cleveland woman. She wanted to pay his poor client's legal fee."

"Guilty As Heck." When *Verdict* began last year, it was greeted with some of the rudest critical welcomes ever given a



TRIAL IN OVERLOOK (LEFT, DEFENDANT VON FURSTENBERG)
A higher court reversed the critics.

is fabricated in the head of the show's lawyer, Selig Silverman. Each principal is told the "truth" about his role in the case. The lawyers are not actors, but professional attorneys who like to get on the show for the fun of it. It is up to them to make their own cross-examinations, field the witnesses' replies as skillfully as they can. Presiding and ruling on points of law last week was former Judge Cornelius D. McNamara, who served ten years in a New York City municipal court.

Producer Eugene Burr directs the screening of the few actors who take principal roles; some have fled auditions in tears after a ruthless grilling by lawyers testing their ad-libbing ability. The jurors are picked from studio visitors, must come back three to seven days running until the trial is finished. As a concession to TV viewers' impatience, they reach their verdict by majority vote.

Verdict's set is four-walled and solid as any courtroom. Once the half-hour sessions start, Director Byron Paul has little control over proceedings. When time comes for a commercial, a floor manager flings open a door out of camera range and holds up a sign saying "Suspend." At this signal, the appropriate lawyer usually launches into a long-winded objection,

network show. THE VERDICT IS DOUBTFUL, snidely headlined the New York *Journal-American*. "Mockery . . . phoniness . . . guilty as heck," snapped the New York *Herald Tribune*. Today *Verdict* easily outdraws its rivals on the most hotly contested hour of the day, has consistently batted among the top half dozen of all daytime shows.

Verdict cannot afford star salaries, but many big-name actors ad-lib happily without riches, become convinced of the "truth" that they are relating. Last week Betsy von Furstenberg was on trial for shooting her "husband" on the pretext that she mistook him for a prowler. The prosecuting attorney, in real life Manhattan's Seventh District Assemblyman Daniel Kelly, had built up a damaging case against her. "It all looks very black for us, but wait until I take the stand!" she cried. *Verdict's* lawyers get just as engaged, lose their tempers in "court," on one occasion nearly came to blows afterward. Said Betsy's Defense Attorney Richard Tilden: "I didn't sleep well nights, worrying about that case."

He need not have worried. The jurors found Betsy innocent—a decision that meant a 25¢ loss to Director Paul, who had bet that their verdict would be guilty.

Rock 'n' Riot

Wrapped in a package called "The Big Beat," Disk Jockey Alan Freed has long rolled across the land, introducing rock 'n' roll stars and keynoting gone music, with the express intention of inciting his teen-age followers to happy frenzy. Fortnight ago, the acknowledged "King of Rock 'n' Roll" rolled into Boston and set up shop in its 7,200-seat Arena. Almost 5,000 hip kids poured in the Arena to catch his 17 acts, including four bands, and starring Dreamboat Groaner Jerry Lee Lewis.

Frenzy soon set in. The aisles filled with dancers, and others got into the groove by jumping on their seats. The head of the 20 cops on hand decided that more light on the subject would help curb the crowd's antics. The house lights were turned up. Then, according to Arena Manager Paul Brown, sincere-faced "Deejay" Freed huffed: "I guess the police here in Boston don't want you kids to have a good time." Whatever Freed said, the effect was magical. The Arena really began jumping—while Brown paced his office, "praying it would end."

A while before midnight the wound-up kids spilled into the streets. Just who was responsible for what happened next is a matter of dispute. All around the Arena common citizens were set upon, robbed and sometimes beaten. A young sailor caught a knife in the belly, and two girls with him were thrashed. In all, nine men and six women were roughed up enough to require hospital treatment. Boston police blamed Freed and his frenetic fans, but could not prove it, since they nabbed nobody. Freed's defenders pointed out that the Arena area has been the site of frequent muggings in the past; the toughs might simply have used the crowds pouring out of the Arena as a cover.

But Boston's Mayor John Hynes did not want to hear arguments or evidence. He ordered that no licenses be issued for any more rock 'n' roll shows, and a Boston grand jury returned an indictment against Freed—under an old "anti-anarchy" law—for inciting "the unlawful destruction of property." Professing alarm, and perhaps jump over growing criticism of juvenile delinquency, officials in New Haven and Newark seized on the Boston incident as an excuse to ban scheduled Freed appearances.

Freed promptly quit his \$25,000-a-year job with Manhattan's radio station WINS because it "failed to stand behind my policies and principles," and returned to his Stamford, Conn. home to contemplate his grievances. Snapped Freed: "Those kids in Boston were the greatest—sweet, wonderful kids. But the police were terrible."

New Voice on Channel 13

On the 20th floor of Manhattan's slick Coliseum Tower one bleak, humid afternoon last week, a flock of paunchy, proud fathers-to-be tried to conceal their expectancy behind a normal day's office routine. Sympathetic friends sat heavily

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in blue-flowered armchairs or toured a chrome-polished kitchen, which, their uneasy host boasted, was "bigger than General Sarnoff's." Then at 3 p.m., the baby was born. The baby: New York area's newest stations—WNTA A.M. and F.M., and WNTA-TV (Channel 13).

Network on Film. NTA claims to be "the nation's fourth television network." In industry terms, the claim is more hope than reality since there is no electronic linkage between NTA's affiliated stations. But President Ely Landau, a blunt, rounded dynamo of 38, has made a career of turning his ambitions into achievements. In 1951, on a mere \$500, he incorporated himself as a TV film packager and distributor; in 1953 he expanded the corporation and renamed it National Telefilms Associates, began buying and distributing Hollywood films for TV release. Soon he had talked 134 TV stations into providing him with prime time for NTA films, got many of them to agree to simultaneous showing—the basis for Landau's claim to "network" status. Impressed by this record of success, 20th Century-Fox came into the film network as a fifty-fifty partner.

Last year NTA bought its first station, Minneapolis' KMGM-TV (now KMSP-TV), last week bought Newark's faltering WATV and its radio affiliates for \$4,500,000 and renamed it WNTA. Now NTA is angling for a full FCC-allowed quota of five TV stations. On the stock market last week, NTA shares sold at close to \$10—three times their price two years ago. Its assets have passed the \$40 million mark.

First Wallop. To this amazing rise, many video janglemen react with unease (sample: "They're film people; they'll kill live TV"), but behind the criticisms there is also wholesome respect. WNTA programs are plotted by brash Ted Cott, 41, a moonfaced, high-pressure promoter and former vice president of (in order) WNEW, NBC, and Dumont.

Cott's WNTA-TV began with a wallop. It offered quality films (*The Snake Pit*, *Laura*) three nights a week, showed them on a movie theater's continuous-program basis from 7:30 to 12:30, which let the viewer pick his time and go to bed early. In the afternoons Cott scheduled natural-science documentaries, highbrow interviews with such distinguished men as Poet Robert Frost and Dr. Jonas Salk, re-broadcasts of historic news telecasts, e.g., the famed Army-McCarthy hearings. And for its live ventures, WNTA introduced a weekly *Art Ford's Jazz Party* in which such top-ranked musicians as Trombonist Wilbur de Paris and Clarinetist Pee Wee Russell got together in an empty studio for a genuinely informal jam session that made the big networks' jazz spectacles seem pretentious and overorganized.

By the end of its first day, WNTA had reaped a 10.6 A.R.B. rating, captured 17% of the TV audience, increased its number of viewers (over WATV) 4,200%. Wrote the *New York Times's* Jack Gould: "WNTA-TV has shaken up tired old New York television."



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"I had just left Brescia, in north Italy, and was averaging about 120 miles per hour, when I came to a sharp right curve," says racing champ Stirling Moss. "I put my foot on the brake—and just as the car began slowing down, my foot shot forward, off the pedal. Glancing down quickly, I saw that the pedal had snapped off! I was going into a curve at almost 120 mph—with no brakes! Luckily, I was able to check my speed by using the gear box... but, believe me, that was my closest shave!"

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There's enough pioneer history at Scotts Bluff to keep a small boy wide-eyed for days. *This was Indian country*... the warpath of the Sioux, Arapahoe and Cheyenne. In the frontier museum, you'll see relics of the Trail, vivid dioramas, paintings by a pioneer artist that bring alive the terror of an Indian raid, the whip of a sudden prairie squall, the thundering hooves of the buffalo herd. Not far away is old Fort Laramie where the U. S. Cavalry galloped out to rescue ambushed wagon trains.

Scotts Bluff and the wagon tracks have been preserved as reminders of the fearless determination that pushed back our frontiers. It's good to know *this courage still pulses strong* in the hearts of Americans.

★ ★ ★

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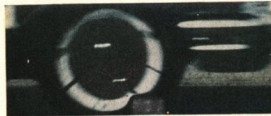
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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

From the Cleveland News:

SEX HELD KEY TO POPULATION

For Leadership

Little Rock's segregationists called it "that nigger-lovin' paper," and the local Citizens' Council labeled Editor Harry Ashmore "Public Enemy No. 1." But last week the Pulitzer Prize committee gave Little Rock's *Arkansas Gazette* and Editor Ashmore an unprecedented double prize for the role they played in last fall's crisis of conscience brought on by Governor Orval Faubus' defiance of the U.S. Supreme Court's integration order. Ashmore was cited for his editorials, the *Gazette* "for demonstrating the highest qualities of civic leadership, journalistic responsibility and moral courage in the face of mounting public tension." Write the judges: "The newspaper's fearless and completely objective news coverage, plus its reasoned and moderate policy, did much to restore calmness and order to an overwrought community."

Few men are better qualified to call the South to reason than rumpred, greying Harry Ashmore, 41. Born in South Carolina of a Southern ancestry that stretches back to Colonial times, Ashmore is convinced that the South must change with changing times before change is forced upon it from the outside. He expounded his thesis in an eloquent recent book (*An Epitaph for Dixie*), urged it upon Presidential Candidate Adlai Stevenson, whom he served as civil-rights adviser in the 1956 campaign. In the high school crisis last fall, Ashmore did not argue the merits of integration v. segre-

gation, simply maintained that the sole question was "the supremacy of the government of the U.S. in all matters of law." Throughout the struggle, Ashmore was sturdily supported by the *Gazette*'s 85-year-old President J. N. Heiskell and Publisher Hugh Patterson.

Backed by Governor Faubus, the White Citizens' Council tried hard to bring the *Gazette* to heel with a boycott. Last week Publisher Patterson acknowledged that the boycott had reduced daily circulation 10.6% to 88,068 and Sunday circulation 9.7% to 97,449 for the six-month period ending in March. Over the same period, Little Rock's *Arkansas Democrat*, which carefully avoided taking a stand on Faubus' defiance of federal authorities, gained more than 6,000 readers for both its daily and Sunday editions, now trails the *Gazette* on weekdays by 2,800 and leads it on Sunday by 3,000.

Despite anonymous letters sent to 1,500 advertisers, threatening a "massive crusade" against stores advertising in the *Gazette*, the boycott has not cost the *Gazette* a line of advertising, and the paper's circulation is gradually rising again. Said Editor Ashmore, after winning his Pulitzer: "I am confident that in time the *Gazette* will regain the circulation it has lost, and will emerge from this ordeal stronger than ever."

Other notable Pulitzer winners: National Reporting: Associated Press's Relman ("Pat") Morin, 50, winner of a 1951 Pulitzer for his coverage of the Korean war, for his reporting on the Little Rock story; Clark Mollenhoff, 37, of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune*, for stories on labor racketeering so well documented that they were used by Senate investigators as leads in the devastating exposure of Teamsters Jimmy Hoffa and Dave Beck.

Fiction: the late James Agee, for the bestselling novel, *A Death in the Family* (*TIME*, Nov. 18).

Drama: Hollywood Scriptwriter Ketti Frings, for her adaptation to Broadway of Novelist Thomas Wolfe's sprawling *Look Homeward, Angel*.

The Run-Around

The letter seemed unusual and properly titillating, so Lovelorn Columnist Abigail Van Buren ran it routinely in her syndicated column.

Dear Abby:

I came across a strongbox full of letters in the trunk of our car. The letters were from a married woman who is in love with my husband. They are so full of mush and love talk it would nauseate you. Should I send the letters to HER husband and let him handle it in his own way?

BOILING OVER

Abby penned a reply advising Boiling Over not to send the letters to the other woman's husband but to fight it out with her own, and promptly forgot all



Fred Lyon—Rapho-Guillumette
LOVELORNIST ABBY
Reason to call.

about it. Then the letters came pouring in.

Last week Abby ran a sampling:

Dear Abby:

You ran a letter from a lady who found a box of letters in the trunk of her husband's car. I pray every night that she will take your advice, because I am that woman. If this woman who found my letters will destroy the letters without telling my husband, I promise never to see her husband again.

ASKING FOR ANOTHER CHANCE

Dear Abby:

Please ask that woman who found the box of love letters in her husband's car how much she will take for them. I am sure this concerns me.

WILLING TO BUY

Dear Abby:

If that wife who found the love letters to her husband will contact me, I can straighten out a few things for her. I also have a lot of letters from HER husband.

NO HOME WRECKER

Dear Abby:

Please inform that lady who found my letters to her husband that if she turns them over to my husband it won't do her any good because I already have confessed everything, and he has forgiven me.

FORGIVEN

In all, Abby got some 25 letters from frantic women, each confessing that she was the writer of the mash notes. They came from Houston, Detroit, Boston, Los Angeles, even Honolulu. The original letter was written by a woman who lived in the San Francisco area.

In New York last week to promote her new book of collected letters-and-answers, Abby commented cheerily: "There are an awful lot of guilty consciences running around, dear."



Grey Villet—LIFE
PRIZEWINNER ASHMORE
Call to reason.



Paul Moor

CLIBURN RECEIVING TCHAIKOVSKY COMPETITION PRIZE FROM DMITRY SHOSTAKOVICH
He may be Horowitz, Liberace and Presley all rolled into one.

The All-American Virtuoso

[See Cover]

"Ah swear to goodness, ah just can't believe all this is happenin' to li'l ole Van Cliburn from the piney woods of East Texas!" Most everybody agreed with Van. Through a rare combination of sheer talent, the tension of the cold war and the thunderous amplifier of modern publicity, the long-legged 23-year-old winner of Moscow's International Tchaikovsky Piano Competition (TIME, April 21) had overnight become the object of the most explosive single outpouring of popular acclaim ever accorded a U.S. musician. Next week Manhattan will give him a national hero's welcome back to the U.S. with a ticker-tape parade up Broadway. He will go to Washington to be received by the President of the U.S. His first post-Russia concert (in which he will repeat his Moscow prizewinning pieces: Tchaikovsky's *Concerto No. 1*, Rachmaninoff's *Concerto No. 3*) has swamped Carnegie Hall with the heaviest demand for tickets in all its glittering history.

As Van mops up his one-Texan conquest of the Soviet Union this week, the Russians have to look back a century for a comparable triumph. That was when Franz Liszt, history's most vaunted piano virtuoso (and the teacher of the man who taught Van's first teacher—his mother), made his debut in St. Petersburg. Wearing Pope Pius IX's Order of the Golden Spur over his white cravat, his immaculate dress coat clanking with his other medals, his "shapely white hands" encased in doeskin gloves, he appeared, tossing his shoulder-length blond hair, before an audience of 3,000, who greeted him with "thunderous applause such as had not been heard in Russia for over a century." The pianist who has been evoking that sort of reception for a month from Riga to Kiev is a far cry from the saturnine dandy

MUSIC

with the "Florentine profile." Van Cliburn is a gangling (6 ft. 4 in., 165 lbs.), snub-nosed, mop-haired boy out of Kilgore, as Texan as pecan pie. Instead of medals, he carried a well-thumbed Bible; instead of doeskin gloves, a single dress shirt, a plastic wing collar given to him by a friend, a ratty grey Shetland sweater that often showed under his dress jacket when he took his bows.

Maverick. In the tradition-filgred world of highbrow music, the Texas long-hair is a maverick who conforms to nobody's image of a virtuoso. His family has been American on both sides for at least four generations. His pale baby face, with its cornflower-blue eyes beneath a tangle of yellow hair, might suggest a choir boy—which he has been. He is exuberantly gregarious, unsophisticated and, on the surface at least, totally untemperamental. Former Cincinnati Symphony Conductor Thor Johnson recalls that once, in an orchestral *tutti* during the rehearsal of a concerto, Van rose from the keyboard and walked out. "I called a halt

to the music," says Johnson, "and wondered what we could have done to upset the kid." Just then Van looked back over his shoulder from the wings and drawled: "Go right ahead, Ah'm just goin' to the slot machine for a candy bar." He can be considerate to a fault. In Moscow, one of his American friends had to lock him into his hotel room before he dropped from exhaustion receiving the glad-handers and autograph seekers who streamed in all through the night.

Deeply religious, and a conscientious teetotaler, he is a twice-over tither; i.e., he gives 20% of his net earnings to the Baptist Church. During Evangelist Billy Graham's Manhattan crusade last year, Van sang in the Madison Square Garden choir alongside Ethel Waters. He once skipped a \$500 concert date so that he could play for a church banquet in Paramus, N.J. Buffalo Philharmonic Conductor Josef Krips recalls the time that Van came into his dressing room before a performance and said, "Maestro, let us pray." Krips, a Roman Catholic, dropped to his knees with the pianist. Said Van: "God give us his grace and power to make good music together."



John G. Ross
CLAUDE FRANK



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John G. Ross
JOHN BROWNING

They represent more first-rate native talent . . .

"Genius." Irreverent sophisticates of the concert halls may laugh at Van—but not when he sits down to play. Pianist Sviatoslav Richter, whom the Russians regard as their best, dubbed Van "a genius—a word I do not use lightly about performers." In tears of emotion Pianist Emil Gilels grabbed Van as he came off the stage after playing Rachmaninoff's *Third Concerto*, hugged him soundly on both cheeks. To Composer Aram Khachaturian, Van was "better than Rachmaninoff; you find a virtuoso like this only once or twice in a century." France's Marquis de Gontaut-Biron, a frequent judge of piano contests, found that Van had "almost the technique of Horowitz during his prime, and he has everything Horowitz always lacked." Raved Britain's Sir Arthur Bliss: "He plays with fire and poetry, and gives vitality to every phrase." More cautious, U.S. Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos feels that Van "could rise to Rubinstein's stature, but at the moment it's not fair to compare them." Says Piano Critic Abram (*Speaking of Pianists*) Chasins: "Van is a born flaming virtuoso."

Pianist Cliburn's great talent is nothing new to knowing U.S. musicians and critics; for all the fanfare, the Russians did not "discover" him. In 1954 he won the Leventritt Award for young pianists and string players—a far tougher prize than the Tchaikovsky Gold Medal. Although the Leventritt competition is held annually, no prize had been awarded for five years because no entrant was judged up to it. Playing to some of the keenest musical ears in the world,* Van took the prize hands down. After that, he was known as a comer in musical circles from one end of the country to the other.

More important, Cliburn is no isolated U.S. phenomenon, as suggested in a party-processed statement by Russian Composer Dmitry Shostakovich: "Musical circles in the United States have a right to be proud . . . of their young countryman, especially since until now the musical successes of that country resulted not from the efforts of Americans but of famous performers of European countries." Van's victory dramatically underscored that

there is more first-rate native instrumental talent in the U.S. than in the whole of Europe. Moreover, the talent is younger. In Cliburn's generation there are at least nine pianists of equal native ability: Byron Janis, 30, Gary Graffman, 29, Seymour Lipkin, 31, Jacob Lateiner, 30, Claude Frank, 32, John Browning, 24, Eugene Istomin, 32, Leon Fleisher, 31, and Canada's Glenn Gould, 25, who has played widely in the U.S. By contrast, Europe has a small handful of young pianists—Austria's Friedrich Gulda and Paul Badura-Skoda, Poland's Andrzej Czajkowski, and France's Philippe Entremont—who are in the same class. The younger pianists are hitting their stride just in time to fill the places being left by an older generation. Some of the Americans are almost sure to step into the shoes of the Backhauses, the Rubinstein's, the Serkins, the Giesekings and Horowitzes.

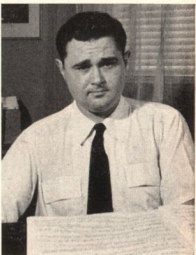
Gusher. U.S. artists have consistently won impressive triumphs abroad since World War II, and this summer, with a record number of American musicians touring, they will dominate the European musical scene. In 1952 Pianist Fleisher won first place at Belgium's Queen Elisabeth *Concours* against far tougher competition than Cliburn faced in Russia. In 1956 Pianist Browning (a Leventritt Award winner in 1955) came within a sixteenth note of taking first in the same competition, finally took second to Russia's Ashkenazy. This summer there are even two other Texas pianists—Ivan Davis, 25, who won first place at last month's Naples competition, and James Mathis, 24. And at the Tchaikovsky Competition itself, U.S. Artists Joyce Kisler, who took seventh in violin, and Daniel Pollack, 23, who took eighth in piano, won ovations that were overlooked abroad in the groundswell of Cliburn publicity.

Ван Клибурн or "Van Cleeberron," as the Russians call him (he pronounces it "Cligh-burn") has been Topic No. 1 in Russia for a month and a gusher of warm good will that has had more favorable impact on more Russians than any U.S. export of word or deed since World War II. Ironically, the U.S. embassy was probably the last stronghold in Moscow to become aware of Van's coup; U.S. Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson and his wife had not even made plans to attend Van's finals audition until they were convinced by



GLENN GOULD

Dan Weiner



EUGENE ISTOMIN

Walter Doran



GARY GRAFFMAN

John G. Ross

* The judges: Rudolf Serkin, George Szell, Leonard Bernstein, Abram Chasins, Nadia Reisenberg, Alexander Schneider, Lillian Fuchs, Leopold Mannes, Arthur Judson, Eugene Istomin.



JACOB LATEINER



LEON FLEISHER

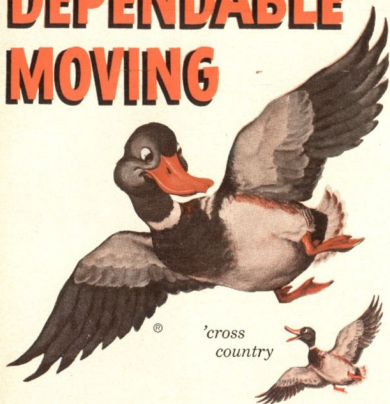


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American contestants that to fail to appear would be a major blunder. And the committee of the Martha Baird Rockefeller Aid to Music Program, which paid the fare to Moscow for Van and the other Americans, had pledged the contestants to secrecy on the theory that their presence in Russia would be politically unpopular back home.

The love affair between Van and the Russians started sizzling when he appeared in the preliminary auditions—and never let up. Wooed by official Russia and by musicians, he was also pursued by adoring teen-agers. Total strangers, men and women, hugged and kissed him in the street, flooded him with gifts, fan mail, flowers (one bouquet came from Mrs. Nikita Khrushchev). Women cried openly at his concerts; in Leningrad, where fans queued up for three days and nights to buy tickets, one fell out of her seat in a faint. When Moscow TV scheduled only the first half of Van's prizewinning performance, the advance protest from Muscovites was so furious that the station scheduled the whole recital, plus encores. Thereafter, in each of the four cities where Van played on his Russian tour, his performance was broadcast on local TV and radio. Russians by the millions have learned to spot Van's most distinctive trademark—his great shock of springy blond hair. (He tried unsuccessfully all during his Russian visit to slick it down with hair cream and train it down with a nylon stocking drawn over his head, tight as a bathing cap.)

Exaltation. The Russians dote on the image of agonized exaltation that Van presents at the keyboard. He usually stares before him, his head tilted back at a 45-degree angle, his body leaning far back from the keys. In lyric passages he shakes his head from side to side in a kind of slow frenzy at the grip of the music upon him. In the more fiery passages he crouches close over the keys, his face scowling, his elbows jutting far behind him, like the legs of a praying mantis. When the orchestra is playing alone, he eyes the conductor with mounting eagerness, works his shoulders, finally addresses himself to the piano with the gawky excitement of a colt.

His technical equipment is superb. The enormous hands cover a twelve-note span. He has a dazzling warmup technique of playing swift scales in octaves and tenths with his hands crossed, a trick that he says does wonders to develop the left hand. When a friend told him about big-handed Soviet Pianist Richter's trick of playing tenths and simultaneously playing thirds between thumb and forefinger, Van immediately duplicated it, commented, "Aw, that's not hard." He plays Rachmaninoff's *Third Concerto* with the cadenza that the pianist-composer rewrote for his own performances because it was too difficult.

But Van's artistry is the kind that begins where technique leaves off. His expressiveness ranges from ghostly sonorities and harplike trills to ringing double octaves that cleave the orchestra like a sword. He can shape passages with tension and excitement, turn the weariest warhorse

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into a spirited charger. He is not above rewriting, as in the chorale section of Chopin's *C Sharp Minor Scherzo*, where he fills out the harmonies with extra notes ("I think Chopin would forgive me").

Van takes a no-nonsense view of his own playing, grows rapturous when he thinks he is in form ("Faultless!"), but can be equally tough on himself when he thinks he is not ("Did you ever hear such lousy piano playing in your whole life?"). He can be equally hard on other players; e.g., he scorns Sergei Prokofiev's old recording of his own *Third Concerto*: "Sorry, but it's just not Russian."

Tears. Politically uncalculating, Van pleased his hosts by doing what comes naturally. He never played fewer than five encores; he sat down at a piano everywhere and at the slightest provocation

sobbed all through the first movement of the Schubert *B Flat Sonata*. Toward the end of his visit, he confided to a friend what the Russian experience had meant to him. "I tell you," he said, "these are my people. I guess I've always had a Russian heart. I'd give them three quarts of blood and four pounds of flesh. I've never felt so at home anywhere in my whole life."

Idol. Certainly, Van never felt entirely at home in the small, dusty East Texas town nestled in a forest of oil derricks where he grew up. He was born Harvey Lavan Cliburn Jr., in Shreveport, La., an only child, in the eleventh year of his parents' marriage. His father is a minor oil-company executive with a modest income, his mother a talented piano teacher who studied in New York with Liszt's longtime pupil, Arthur Friedheim. She was on the verge of making her debut under her maiden name, Rildia Bee O'Bryan, when her mother intervened and forbade her a concert career.

Van started studying with his mother when he was three. Long before he could read words, he learned to read notes. At four, he appeared in his first public recital at Shreveport's Dodd College, playing Bach's *Prelude in C Major*. When he was six, the family moved to Kilgore, Texas (pop. 10,500). His father, who had hoped Van might be a medical missionary, decided he was headed for a musical career after all, had a studio built for him on the back of the garage, equipped it with a piano. The boy practiced for an hour before going to school, again when he came home and again after dinner—except on the four evenings a week that he went to prayer meetings with his parents. Rachmaninoff was his idol. When Van was twelve, he decided he would win a gold medal in Moscow because Rachmaninoff had been awarded one when he graduated from the Moscow Conservatory.

"Hell." At a plump twelve, he made his orchestral debut with the Houston Symphony as a winner of a statewide young pianists' competition, played Tchaikovsky's *B Flat Concerto*. The same year he played in Carnegie Hall as the Texas winner of the National Music Festival's nationwide competition to uncover talented junior soloists. Mamma Cliburn ferried him out to California to play for Jose Iturbi, and Iturbi promptly proclaimed him "the most talented youngster I've heard in the U.S."

His mother thought he should be exposed to other teachers, but Van stubbornly refused. When he was 14, Mrs. Cliburn was taking master's classes at Juilliard, and Olga Samaroff,* a famed teacher at the school, offered Van a scholarship. But Pianist Samaroff died before he could start, and he refused to study with anybody else. In one volcanic scene with his mother, he threatened to give up the piano entirely if he was forced to go

through with the Juilliard plans ("I always threatened her with that whenever she tried to give me away to another teacher"). They moved out of the New York apartment they had taken and went back to Kilgore.

There Van was a favorite of his teachers and a good, although never brilliant, student. His only major interest besides the piano was acting (he still talks vaguely of going on the stage). He was excused from physical education classes because of the damage they might do to his hands. Says one of his contemporaries: "He never had any trouble having a good time. He was a good dancer. He was one of the most congenial boys in school." But Van was also as much a maverick in small-town Texas as he was later to seem on the international concert circuit. Childhood



Eileen Darby—Graphic House

PUPIL CLIBURN & TEACHER LIEVINNE
"Honey, ah'm goin to study with you."

any hour of the day or night. He insisted on playing the whole of his Leningrad program at a rehearsal several hours before the evening concert for the benefit of conservatory students unable to buy tickets. When he visited Tchaikovsky's grave in Leningrad, he delighted his guides by taking some Russian earth back with him, plans to use it to plant a Russian lilac cutting at Rachmaninoff's grave near Valhalla in New York's Westchester County.

Repeatedly, the Russians' adulation moved Van to unashamed weeping. After an eight-year-old boy came forward after a concert in Riga and shyly presented a photo of himself, Van took it back to the hotel, felt so touched on looking at it again that he broke down and cried. After his final audition for the competition, he burst into tears when a friend repeated to him Soviet Pianist Richter's statement that "his playing excites and moves me as only very few of the greatest have been able to." Later, at a Richter recital, Van



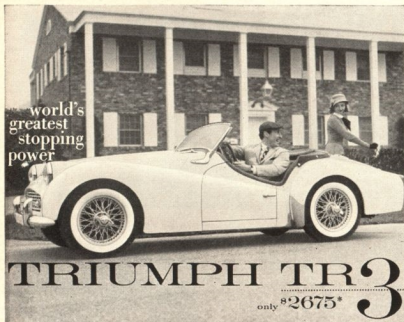
Vaden Smith

TEACHER CLIBURN & PUPILS
"His mother had taught him very well."

and adolescence, outside his family, he remembers as "a living hell." He had reached his full 6 ft. 4 in. (size 12 shoes) by the time he was 14, and he was excruciatingly self-conscious; he is still convinced that he has "no looks." More important, Van was a musician. "You can't love music enough to want to play it," he says, "without other kids thinking you're queer or something."

Extravert. When he graduated from high school in 1951, at 17, Van headed for Manhattan and a scholarship at Juilliard. Russian-born Pianist and Juilliard Teacher Rosina Llievinne answered a knock at her studio door one day to find it filled with Van's rawboned frame. "Honey," he announced, "Ah'm goin' to study with you." It was the first time she had heard the name Cliburn, but she invited him in and asked him to play. Says Mrs. Llievinne: "Right then I said, 'This is an unbelievable talent.' His mother had taught him very well indeed." She took him as a pupil, and he took the Juilliard's "diploma,"

* Born Lucy Hickenlooper in San Antonio, she changed her name to cater to the U.S. predilection for foreign musical artists. From 1911, until her divorce in 1923, she also answered to the name of Mrs. Leopold Stokowski.



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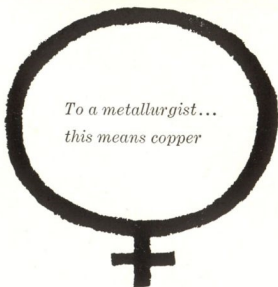
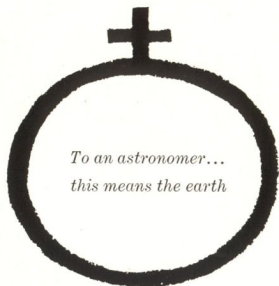
or conservatory course (as opposed to the "degree" course, which requires 60 semester hours of academic courses) to leave himself time for concertizing.

His Juilliard friends recall him as an easygoing, extraverted Texan of undeniable instinctive talents, but limited intellectual interests. Says a fellow pianist: "He never even talked music or seemed to think about it much when he was away from the piano." Now and again he even let his practicing slide; his mother periodically called him from Kilgore to urge him to practice, or called Manager Arthur Judd of Columbia Artists Management to tell him to get after Van. For a while he was informally engaged to a tall, lisesome brunette from back home named Donna Sanders, who was studying voice at Juilliard, but they broke it off after a year when Van decided he was not yet ready to reconcile marriage with a career. Donna, who later won small singing roles on Broadway, where she married an actor, thinks Van did the right thing: "That's the way it should be for someone of his capabilities." (Van's explanation: "I think I have too much affection to give over to be able to give it all to only one person.")

Break. Cliburn's big break came when he won the Leventritt Award. "We were sitting there," recalls one Leventritt judge, "when in walks this tall, mad-looking fellow, sits down and plays—of all things—Liszt's *Twelfth Rhapsody*. He bowled us right over. Ordinarily, the judges would not even seriously consider anyone who played a spectacular piece like that. But it was obvious that this was an enormous raw talent; they don't come any bigger." His playing of a far more demanding repertoire clinched his victory. When it was announced, he grabbed the daughter of Rosalie Leventritt, the stately dowager who sponsors the contest, and joyously waltzed her around the room before the startled judges. The next day he appeared at Mrs. Leventritt's Park Avenue apartment. "Honey," he said, thrusting a bunch of red roses at her, "Ah'm just a babe at your doorstep."

By the terms of the award, Van made his debut with the New York Philharmonic and four other major orchestras. Raved Louis Biancolli of the New York *World-Telegram & Sun*: "This is one of the most genuine and refreshing keyboard talents to come out of the West—or anywhere else—in a long time." In his first post-Leventritt season (1955-56) Van played 30 concerts, appeared with such major orchestras as the Cleveland, the Buffalo Philharmonic, the Denver Symphony and the Detroit Symphony.

Then Van fell prey to the rigors of the "concert jungle." The second season after the Leventritt Award he had only two-thirds as many concerts; the next season he played virtually none. There were some personal reasons. First he expected to be inducted into the Army. At the last moment an Army medic discovered that he had persistent nose bleeds and declared him 4-F. Then, last summer, his mother broke a vertebra, and he went back to Texas to coach her piano students for six



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weeks. By that time it was too late to think of bookings for the winter season.

Pattern. The dwindling demand for Van's talents also followed a pattern familiar to other young instrumentalists: one big prizewinning season followed by relative obscurity. Most musicians blame the concert-management system for this state of affairs far more than they do the public. Between them, Columbia Artists Management, the National Artists Corporation and Impresario Sol Hurok control 90% of the soloists and instrumental groups touring the country. To the beginning artist, the Big Three offer irresistible bait: a chance to tour the country for pay and to build a reputation. But the reputations are built in New York, and the pay, when fees and traveling expenses are deducted, usually amounts to only several hundred dollars. An artist caught in the community-concert treadmill usually deserts the field after a few years or is nudged out by management on the theory that the public wants new faces.

Van was shocked by the hard facts of community concert life. His net income dropped to less than \$3,000 a year (from a high of \$8,000). He piled up \$7,000 of debts, mostly loans that his parents made for him from the Kilgore National Bank. He took to such money-saving devices as playing classical music for his supper in Manhattan's Asti Restaurant.

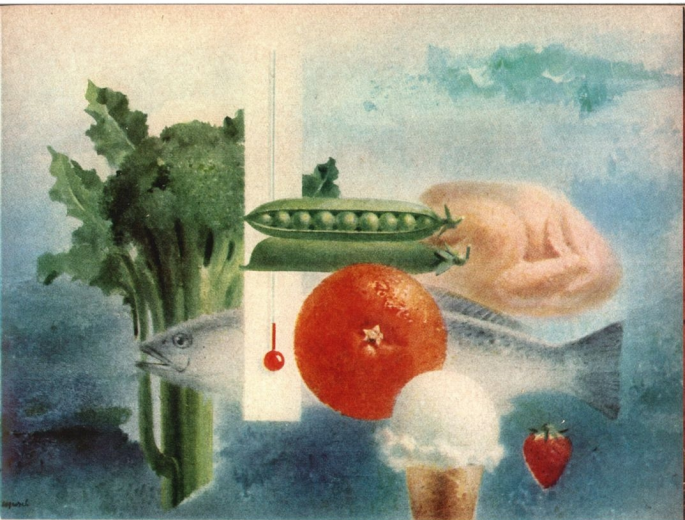
While in Kilgore last fall, drilling scales into his mother's pupils, Van got a letter from Mme. Lhevinne suggesting that he enter the Moscow competition. He wavered awhile; his managers at Columbia Artists were cool to the idea, wanted him to go instead on a speculative, pay-your-way tour of Europe. But everybody he talked to thought he would win, and his eyes shone with the notion of taking the gold medal in Rachmaninoff's *Moscow*.

Victory. For two months, from the time he was accepted until he left for Moscow, Van shut himself away in his tiny Manhattan apartment on 57th Street across from Carnegie Hall and spent six to eight hours a day at his quilt-covered Steinway practicing the staggering repertoire each

entrant was expected to master. Plagued with colitis, he dutifully went in for dieting and rigorous physical conditioning, boosted his strength with massive doses of vitamins and six packages of Knox gelatin a day. Sundays he checked his progress with Mme. Lhevinne, or gave small private recitals for groups of friends. When he left for Moscow, his phone bill was unpaid and his Columbia Artists contract was running out, with no talk of a renewal.

When the big news of Van's victory broke from Moscow, one of the first congratulatory cables came from the Kilgore National Bank. Van broke into a slightly twisted smile. "Maybe," he said, "they have more cause to congratulate me than anybody else." Within hours Columbia Artists' Vice-President William Judd was on the transatlantic phone with honied words. In the first shock of becoming the hottest musical commodity in the world, Van shuttled between awe and the depressing idea of "all those people making money out of me." But as the offers came pouring in, he began to display flashes of a sound horse-trading instinct. When he heard that both Columbia Records and RCA Victor (and every other big record company) were scrambling to sign him, he told Judd to play them against each other, get him a contract "that'll guarantee that if I go in one day and want to play *Clair de lune*, they'll have to record it." Last week RCA Victor gave him one of the fattest contracts ever offered a young artist, with built-in guarantees for "long-term security." Within hours Van's concert fee jumped from \$1,000 to \$2,500 plus, shortly became a deal whereby Cliburn gets 60% of the receipts. Dallas outstripped everybody else by booking a concert from which Van stands to walk away with \$9,000. Said the Dallas Symphony's president Mrs. Samuel Shubert with a double helping of Texas pride: "We want to be the first to pay him his biggest fee."

Perils. In developing into the major artist most people think he will become, Van could be either helped or handicapped by his Moscow triumph. It has placed him



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in a position to command big fees and security; it has given him the freedom to play as little or as much as he pleases, and to pick his repertory. But at the same time it has cast him in a unique musical role. "He may be the first man in history," says a friend, "to be a Horowitz, Liberace and Presley all rolled into one." What some friends worry about is that in the easy flush of success Van might be tempted to keep on repeating himself in the showy, romantic repertory he handles so well, neglecting his powers to develop. Says Juilliard Dean Mark Schubart: "He needs to learn more Beethoven sonatas; he needs to work on Schubert, Schumann, Debussy and Ravel. This is no reflection on him; no artist that young knows 'em all." Says Sir Arthur Bliss: "If, like fine wine, he can mature slowly and somewhat secretly, he'll be a great artist. But if he's affected by the immense publicity he's gained, he'll be like many other prize-winners: he'll have a brief period of glory and be spoiled. I hope his friends will be wise enough to say, 'Now you mature.'"

Most of the people close to him agree with Critic Abram Chasins that, because his basic instincts are "those of a pristine musician," Van will survive the perils of his success. But U.S. music is unlikely ever to be the same again. "What he has given to it," says Pianist Eugene Istomin, "is glamour. He has reminded everybody that we are no longer a cowboy country musically."

Hurdle. Van's own plans include 45 U.S. concerts this summer and next season with 17 major orchestras, including the New York Philharmonic, the Pittsburgh Symphony, the Minneapolis Symphony, the San Francisco Symphony, the Boston Symphony. Estimated gross income next season: up to \$150,000. He hopes to play with the Philadelphia Orchestra at the Brussels Fair and again in Amsterdam, and with the London Philharmonic in Britain. He would like to devote more time to composition; so far he has written only two sentimental piano pieces, *Nostalgia* and *The Void*, but he is working on a piano concerto. In the fall he would like to return to Russia with his mother and tour the country, listening to its music and studying.

But before any of these things begin to happen Van Cliburn is bracing himself to clear one high hurdle. Late Monday afternoon, May 19, if he conforms to his usual ritual as a somewhat ailing health enthusiast, he will eat three raw eggs cracked into a glass with the yolks intact and swallowed in one agonized gulp. In the evening in his dressing room, he will dose himself from a staggering array of pills and nose drops. As a tension reliever, and because he thinks it helps clear his mind, he will sit down for several minutes bolt upright, put his hands on his knees, close his eyes, inhale four times in staccato gasps through the nose until his lungs are expanded to bursting, finally exhale through his nose in four staccato installments. Finally, he will pray. Then he will walk onstage at Carnegie Hall to play the toughest concert of his life.

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MEDICINE

Born Addicts

Though U.S. narcotics addiction is rising, physicians are still often unprepared for one poignant aspect: the newborn babies of addicted women. If the mother's dosage has been recent, her baby suffers drastic toxic effects, and often dies. The infant's symptoms resemble those of agitated adult withdrawal: convulsions, no appetite, bluish pallor, heavy sweating, endless, high-pitched crying. Since a pregnant woman addict may look quite normal—and rarely reveals her habit—the doctor is likely at first to suspect other ailments with similar symptoms, e.g., calcium deficiency. Proper treatment may be too late to prevent fatal respiratory failure.

The problem is growing, says Manhattan Pediatrician Herman Schneck in the *Journal of Pediatrics*. But if physicians train themselves to look for the phenomenon and make an early diagnosis, the addict's child can be weaned away in time. Reason: the baby's "addiction" is physiological, not psychic, can be cured by sedative drugs. To prevent emotional ties that could make the "addiction" psychic, the first move is to take the child from its mother. Best treatment is administering opiates or tranquilizers (Thorazine and reserpine seem most effective) in gradually diminishing amounts over a period of days or weeks. This cuts the mortality rate to as little as 25% from up to 93% reported for untreated babies.

Pediatrician Schneck is less sure of what happens long after recovery. No study has been made, for example, of whether infant addicts suffer organic brain damage in their first weeks. Most are placed for adoption, and Dr. Schneck questions whether they are a good risk: "Could the mother's emotional instability which led her to resort to narcotics, foreshadow the neuro-hereditary pattern of her offspring? Or is the infants' ultimate emotional development primarily one of environment?" The problem's social and genetic aspects, concludes Dr. Schneck, need a lot more study.

Teen-Agers' Doctor

The slim, blonde, pregnant 16-year-old stubbornly clung to her story. Sally insisted that she was still a virgin. Many a doctor might have exploded. But Dr. Arthur Roth, 37, knows and likes adolescents too well for that. As founder of the five-year-old Teen-Age Clinic at Kaiser Foundation Medical Center in Oakland, Calif., Roth is an expert in a new medical specialty—"ephebiatrics"—that closes the gap between specialized treatment for children and for adults. Last week, having discovered the family causes of Sally's mental block-building, he persuaded her to go to the obstetrician.

Sally's case is extreme, but her need for friendly persuasion by an understanding doctor is shared by almost every adolescent. Usually, just when he becomes most conscious of mysterious aches and



Tommy Weber
PEDIATRICIAN SCHNECK AT WORK
A mother can be a menace.

pains, the teen-ager finds himself medically a displaced person. His parents often brush off his vague complaints as "growing pains." Many doctors view adolescents, who have the lowest mortality rate from illness of any group, as uninteresting cases. When adolescents fall ill because danger signals have been ignored, says Ephebiatrician Roth, "they feel too old for the pediatrician and too young for the internist."

The Right Place. Dr. Roth entered his new field years ago when he tangled with a 15-year-old boy who refused all medical aid after getting a chicken bone caught in his throat. Just the mention of a doctor scared Denny out of his wits. After finally wooing Denny into the hos-



Joe Munroe
EPHEBIATRICIAN ROTH & PATIENT
A fellow needs a friend.

TIME, MAY 19, 1958

pital and extracting the bone, Pediatrician Roth decided to focus on adolescents. He got help from his old training school, Children's Hospital in Boston, where Dr. James Roswell Gallagher set up the country's first teen-age clinic in 1952, now has four hospital floors serving 600 patients a month. With Gallagher's advice, Roth set up the second such clinic at the Kaiser Medical Center, where the case load has leaped from 25 patients a month to 300. Other clinics have since been started in Philadelphia, Denver and Washington.

At the nine-man Kaiser clinic, the aim is to give patients "what every teen-ager wants from everybody—respect and honesty." The waiting room, filled with teen-agers' fashion and hobby magazines, is designed to make patients feel they are "in the right place." Visits by parents are discouraged; the patient is on his own, alone with his own doctor.

Biggest single age group in the clinic's range from eleven to 21 is made up of baffled, questioning 14-year-olds, who seem hardest hit by adolescence. Nearly a third of their complaints have no medical basis. But not all are so simply psychosomatic as those of the boy whose serious headaches began when his father remarried shortly after the death of his mother—who had similar headaches. Many surface complaints turn up real trouble: vague pains sometimes signal diabetes, tumors, infections, heart disease.

Rewards. Yet what Dr. Roth's patients usually need most is reassurance about the vast, puzzling range of normal adolescent development. "Anxieties or problems that seem trivial to others," he says, "are very meaningful to teen-agers." The adolescent constantly fears that his or her body is not following the lines of the "ideal" movie star. A girl worries about small breasts; a boy fears that his are overdeveloped. Most frequent complaints: acne, obesity, menstrual "disorders," lack of beard, the skin striations common to fast growth. Not every doctor cares to worry about such normal minutiae. Dr. Roth disagrees.

"Teen-agers are interesting, cooperative and grateful," he says. "It's a pleasure to work with them." His satisfactions come from such cases as that of the 15-year-old girl who fell into despair when her twelve-year-old sister began menstruating before she did. Her turn would come, Roth gently reassured her. Recently, her face beaming, she collared him at the clinic. "Dr. Roth," she yelled. "I've had it!" That, says he, was as rewarding as delivering a new baby.

Doctors on Strike

With one physician for every 612 people, Austria is one of the most carefully doctored countries in the world. But last week Vienna's 24 major hospitals (24,000 beds, usually full) turned away patients with such nonurgent complaints as gallstones and diseased tonsils. Reason: the 1,500 doctors who work full time for the hospitals were out on strike.

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medicine, which is 39 years old and covers 75% of the population. As before, the doctors wanted more money, and few healthy Viennese disputed their demands. The hospital physicians, who average only \$80 a month,* have dickered for eight months for raises that would give them \$640 more. When officials offered only \$3.20, they walked out. To tend such urgent cases as childbirth, the strikers left 300 doctors on duty round the clock, promised full care in any emergency. Veterinarians promptly mounted a sympathy strike that left Vienna's vast poodle population unattended.

By week's end, only doctors at six Catholic and three Protestant hospitals had won their demands. That still left 90% of the doctors on strike—and they won support from an unexpected source. At one hospital, Lainze Krankenhaus, in sympathy with their doctors, bed patients went on a hunger strike.

Capsules

¶ To end fuzzy talk about brain "strokes," the first complete classification of cerebrovascular diseases was announced last week by eight top neurologists, appointed by the National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness. Scaled according to the tissue damage that each disease creates in the brain and blood vessels, there are nine major groups, some with as many as 30 subclassifications. Most important: "cerebral infarction," or death of a part of the brain, and "intracranial hemorrhage," or bleeding inside the skull. But chances are that when Presidents are afflicted with any one of the lesser varieties, such laymen as headline writers will go on calling them "strokes."

¶ As of last August, only 42% of all Americans had gone to the dentist in the past three years, reported the U.S. Public Health Service, and only 36% had gone during the preceding year. Of those who did go, most were women who live in cities. Another demographical statistic: more than 21 million Americans, or 13% of the population, have nary a single natural tooth.

¶ Four weeks after her radical kidney-transplant operation at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital (TIME, April 28), Mrs. Gladys Lowman, 31, died last week. Main cause: weakened defense against infection due to lack of white blood corpuscles. Forced to transplant a kidney from a child with no genetic relation to Mrs. Lowman, physicians had the problem of countering antibodies that would have rejected the alien organ. For the first time, they tried to solve it by destroying the antibodies' source, the patient's bone marrow, with X rays. Though new bone marrow was injected, it failed to generate enough white corpuscles to prevent the spread of infection. But physicians consider the attempt highly valuable toward perfection of future kidney transplants.

* Compared to a U.S. pay ranging from \$141 to \$177 a month for interns, and from \$50 (at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins) to \$500 a month for resident physicians.



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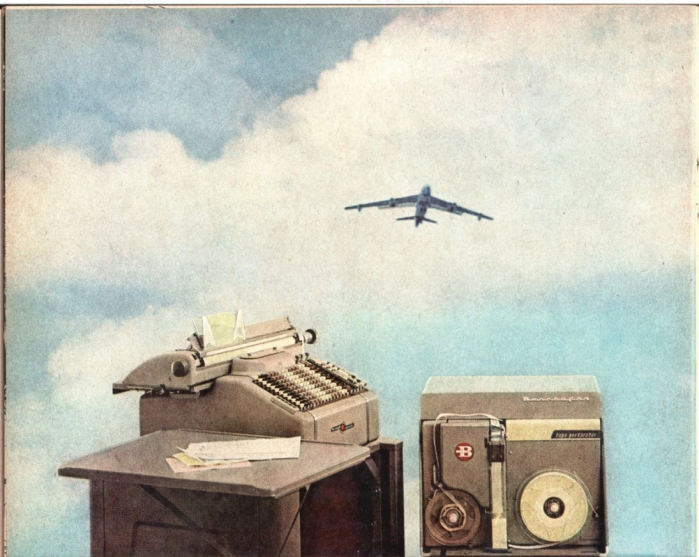
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SPORT

Old Man of the Sea

A spanking line squall worked its way along the Florida Keys and its backlash sent a wet wind whistling into the Key Largo bedroom of Captain Tom Gifford. The stocky man in the double bed rolled over and mumbled: "Southeast wind—that means the tuna are at Cat Cay." More concerned with her own comfort, Mrs. Esther Gifford got out of bed and closed the window. "Damn that man," she grumbled. "He can't stop fishing even in his sleep."

Tom Gifford has spent 40 years fighting with fish and the men who want to catch them. He has done the job so well that he is generally rated the greatest salt-water fishing guide in the world. Over the years, he calculates, he has boated some 300,000 lbs. of fish and has thrown back twice that much. His customers have broken 24 assorted world records.

Private Rules. Gifford's fee is \$70 a day, and much fancier boats than his stubby, 26-ft. *Stormy Petrel* are available for less. But Gifford is booked up six and seven weeks in advance. He has his own standards, and they are exacting. He will not fish with a man he does not like, or with a man who will not try Tom Gifford's theories. One of them is that trolling is not the best way to get sailfish; more can be caught using live bait while anchored or drifting along the rim of the coral reefs that edge the Gulf Stream. Snorts Captain Gifford: "The charter thinks he has to troll when he goes big-game fishing, and he gets mad as hell when you stop and anchor. A lot of them say: 'Whatcha doing? You going to bottom fish? I didn't come out here to catch grouper.' I tell them to go to hell; if they want to catch fish, listen to me."

Another rule: no more than 72-lb. test line for anglers who weigh under 200 lbs.; no more than 120-lb. test line for the heavyweights. Gifford has nothing but explosive contempt for "muscleheads" who insist on fishing for salt-water monsters with "rope." He explains, between oaths: "Most fishermen aren't strong enough to handle 39-thread (130-lb. test line) and keep pressure on a fish. I've seen them taken off the boat dead or go back home and die of a heart attack. Secondly, rope doesn't give the fish a fair chance. If you can't fish for fun, then you haven't any business fishing. These guys out after publicity give me a pain in the neck."

Potbellied Boat. When he was a five-year-old kid in Long Branch, N.J., Tom Gifford's father had to tie him up with sash cord to keep him from going fishing. "There wasn't a seafaring man in the family," he recalls, "and I collected blisters on my bottom because I wouldn't stay away from the water." After a stretch in the Navy during World War I, "Mom wanted me to be President and the old man wanted me to be an admiral. Me, I wanted to be a charter boatman. I bought a backyard-built, potbellied boat called the *Bonita* in Bay Head, N.J., put my

mother, father and girl friend on board, and headed for Miami. The girl got off in Maryland, but we made it to Miami." In those days "the water in the bay was gin-clear, and you could stand on the bank and catch twice your weight in fish."

By 1926 Gifford had enough money to have a boat built to his own rugged specifications. With it, he became a nomad of the fishing world, roaming from Catalina to Cuba, from Nova Scotia to Mexico. He broke into the big time with Big-Game Fisherman Mike Lerner (Lerner Shops). "Those were wonderful days," says he fondly. "We fished for the giant

occasional bed rest, Challenger Mikhail Botvinnik demonstrated the intellectual stamina of a champion. Sticking stubbornly to the defensive strategy that experts insisted he was constitutionally incapable of using, Botvinnik, 46, strung out the 23rd game of the tournament until World Champion Vasily Smyslov, 37, broke under the strain. Rather than resume the adjourned game, Smyslov offered a draw by telephone. This gave Botvinnik half a point and the match, 12½-10½. Thus, without even the satisfaction of a handshake, Botvinnik regained the title that he lost to Smyslov last year.

¶ On Princeton's Lake Carnegie, Yale's powerful eight pulled up to the finish of



CAPTAIN TOM GIFFORD & PUPIL

"I tell them to go to hell; if they want to catch fish, listen to me."

tuna in open dories off Nova Scotia, and opened up Wedgeport. I've only known two men capable of using 39-thread line, and Mike was one of them."

At 63, Tom Gifford shows no signs of slowing down, will be taking *Stormy Petrel* to the summer tuna tournaments at Bimini and then north to Montauk Point. Everywhere, he will be busy cussing out the muscleheads and catching fish. Sooner or later, the men who want to catch the most will seek him out. When they do, they will take orders—or else.

Scoreboard

¶ "I'll take him out in the seventh or eighth round," said Lightweight Champion Joe Brown just before he climbed into the ring in Houston to defend his title against nimble, light-punching Challenger Ralph Dupas. As good as his word, the lean Louisiana Negro put Dupas on the deck three times in the eighth, finally stepped back politely to let Referee Jimmy Webb announce what everyone in the arena already knew: Brown was still the boss of the 135-lb. division.

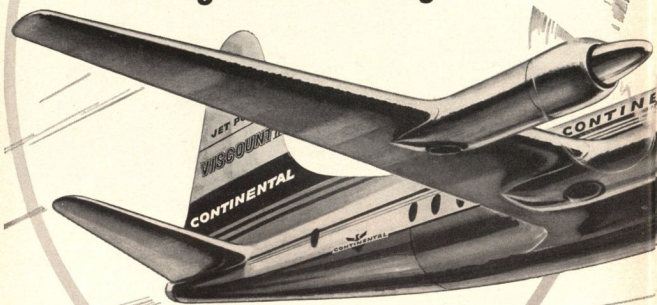
¶ After two months of chess, during which both contestants begged off for

the 1½-mile course half a length ahead of Cornell, 1½ lengths in front of Princeton, was clocked in a lake record 8:35.8.

¶ In the eighth race at Massachusetts' Raynham dog track, the greyhounds were faster than the \$2 hunch players hoped for. They caught the mechanical bunny, and quit racing to chew on the fur-covered teaser. Track officials took an even worse licking: they had to return \$18,345 in bets.

¶ What may prove to be one of the most expensive fouls in baseball history was a long fly by a Milwaukee batter one day in 1955. In the scramble to catch it, a fan knocked down Mrs. May Lee, 69, and broke a couple of her ribs. The Braves refused to pay May Lee's \$100 hospital bill on the ground that fans assume certain risks when they buy their tickets. Last week the Wisconsin Supreme Court upheld an award of \$3,675 to Mrs. Lee on the ground that the Braves' County Stadium ushers were negligent in their duty to protect spectators. In the past, ball clubs have rarely been held liable for similar injuries, and ball teams in both leagues backed themselves for a flood of claims.

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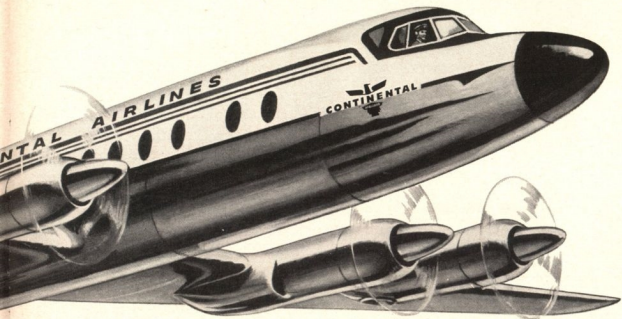
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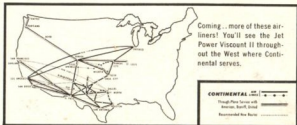
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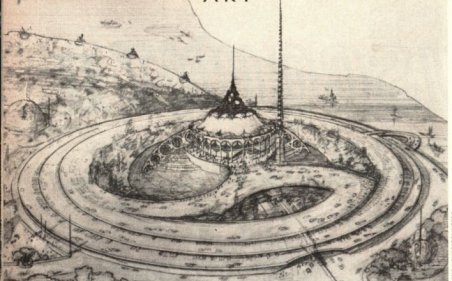
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ART



Architectural Forum

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT'S DESIGN FOR BAGHDAD: OPERA BEHIND A ZIGGURAT

New Lights for Aladdin

With Iraq's government enriched by oil revenues of more than \$200,000,000 a year, the ancient city of Baghdad (pop. 750,000) is planning a future almost as glittering as its past. The sun-baked Abode of Peace by the Tigris has a new bridge, new Royal Palace and Parliament buildings, a TV station and its first air-conditioned movie. It has started slum clearance and flood control, and its ancient irrigation system, in ruins since Hualagu the Mongol destroyed it in 1258, is being rebuilt. To top off the all-out effort to make the new Baghdad as great as the monumental city of 2,000,000 that was the setting for the Arabian Nights, the city has summoned great architects from around the world.

France's Le Corbusier will design a massive sports stadium; Finland's Alvar Aalto is at work designing a civic center, with library and art gallery; Germany's Werner March is drafting plans for a \$3,500,000 museum; Walter Gropius' Cambridge (Mass.) Architects Collaborative hopes to have a plan for a new university, with mosque, ready by next September; Italy's Designer-Architect Gio Ponti has already designed a ten-story headquarters for the Iraq Development Board and an eight-story office building for GORA (Government Oil Refineries Administration).

Garden of Eden. Last week the most grandiose plan of them all, Frank Lloyd Wright's Grand Opera and Civic Auditorium, was unveiled. It is a fantasia right out of the Arabian Nights, and Wright, 88, a self-confessed Arabian Nighter since boyhood, meant it to be that way. "If we are able to understand and interpret our ancestors," Wright intoned, "there is no need to copy them. Nor need Baghdad adopt the materialistic structures called

"modern" now barging in from the West upon the East."

Wright found his site the Wright way. Circling in over Baghdad by airplane, he spotted a long narrow island in the middle of the Tigris. He discovered that it was royal property, went straight to King Feisal II. Recounts Wright: "The young king took me by the arm, smiled and said, 'It is yours.'" Unimpressed by its popular name, Pig Island, Wright promptly

rechristened it Edena (for the Garden of Eden). He soon noted an unancient problem: newly prosperous Baghdad is rapidly filling up with automobiles. His solution is in the earthen ziggurats that Harun al-Rashid used in the 8th century to keep out invaders. In Wright's case the massive embankments serve as traffic roundabouts and parking areas to keep pedestrian ways free of traffic and open for fountains, gardens and walks.

Peerless on Earth. For the opera house, Old Master Wright designed "a glorification of acoustics, making of it a poetic circumstance." A mighty crescent rises out of lagoons to the apex of the combined opera house and civic auditorium. Beneath the auditorium is a planetarium; on top, a crenelated cupola housing "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." Close by, soars a towering TV antenna in the form of Mohammed's sword. For his more mundane second commission, a central post office building, Wright sunk the main floor 11 ft. into the earth to get away from the heat, screened the glass sides with pendant iron grille, left a spacious interior garden court with fountains.

Then in a burst of enthusiasm, Wright made Baghdad a present of a whole new city plan, with his Garden of Eden as the center (ignoring the fact that a British firm has already drawn one master plan). Wright's largesse may fall on barren ground, and many a hot summer may pass before his expensive, expansive opera house is built in a city which has never known opera. But Wright is sure all will come to pass. "Thus carried out," he says, "Baghdad will become peerless among the cities of the world."

PAINTING FOR PRESERVES

LONG the main clients of modern architects, U.S. corporations are slowly becoming major patrons of modern art. One of the most successful examples of art for industry—result of the joint efforts of artist, architect and industrialist—is a vibrant, 8-ft. by 17-ft. mural unveiled this week in the lobby of H. J. Heinz Co.'s new \$4,500,000 Research Center in Pittsburgh. From the start, recalls Gordon Bunshaft, design partner of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, the lobby was planned for a specific kind of painting: "Brick going in on two sides, Mies van der Rohe chairs in black, a white wall with a bright, vertical mural on it."

Going through a list of about 15 modern painters, Heinz President Jack Heinz, 49, and Bunshaft soon chose Stuart Davis, 63 (TIME, March 15, 1954). Explains Heinz's Heinz: "After all, it doesn't take long to think of Stuart Davis. He's the dean." Painter Davis created his own design, evolved an ingenious rig that allowed him to swing the huge canvas over a wooden roller like a rug hung up on a clothesline. He worked six months from his first sketch to the completed work,

produced the largest single canvas he has ever done.

The mural, in ultramarine blue, cadmium red, titanium white and mars black, could be read as a simplification of the industrial process, with diced slices at the top working down through a pinball-machine principle to end in packaged products at the bottom. In fact, says Davis, the work is pure composition. The title *Composition Concrete* refers to "concrete music"—sounds recorded on tape, which is cut and spliced in patterns to make a composition. This emphasis is not surprising from Stuart Davis, who says that jazz is his greatest inspiration.

While he disdained use of pickle green, Davis did put Heinz's "57" into his work, in disguise. In the lower left portion there is a scrambled 1957, thus: 1921. This, says Davis, represents "the year it was painted, the year the building went up, and 57 Varieties." In place against its white plastic panel background, the mural is what Architect Bunshaft calls "a real head-snapper." Says pleased Preserver Heinz: "Exactly what we wanted. It gives vitality to the whole room."



STUART DAVIS' "COMBINATION CONCRÈTE": A MURAL WITH ITS OWN ROOM

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THE THEATER

Weeper for the Losers

It was a command performance, and Broadway responded with its best. While no fewer than nine understudies carried on in Manhattan, stars from five smash musicals, including Sally Ann Howes (*My Fair Lady*), Thelma Ritter (*New Girl in Town*), and ten-year-old Eddie Hodges (*The Music Man*), entertained White House guests last week in a special musicale at a dinner for the Supreme Court.

But after the braves, for stars and host alike, there was one sonorous boo from the *Washington Post* and *Times Herald's* drama critic, Richard L. Coe. What cooled Coe was the common practice among actors of skipping performances for benefits, TV appearances and the like. That, he argued, is false advertising, since the public is never told in advance that the stars they paid to see will not appear—even when, as in this case, the arrangements were made six weeks ago.

"The public's loss," cried Critic Coe, "is the more ironic because of all recent Presidents, President Eisenhower has done less for the theater than any other. Only once has President Eisenhower been inside a legitimate theater since he entered the White House. That was in New York to pick up his wife after *My Fair Lady*. He saw the musical's last 15 minutes. But last night at the White House some of the top hits' leading players were willing to disappoint their paying customers to perform before a President of the United States who has not, as yet, deigned to cross a street to see their fellow Equity players."

New Play in Manhattan

The *Visit* brought the Lunts to Broadway—for a rumored final visit to Broadway—in a theater piece of strikingly acid power. Adapted by Maurice Valency from the German of Swiss Playwright Friedrich Dürrenmatt, *The Visit* begins in light colors and comedy guise, suddenly to darken the face of its canvas, to blacken the hearts of its characters. A grisly fable of a woman's vengeful hate, it shows a whole community relentlessly succumbing to greed.

Highbanded, aging, fabulously rich Claire Zachanassian returns to Gullen, the impoverished European town of her birth, to pour money into its lap—on one condition. Town and townspeople can divide a billion marks if they will kill Ann Schill, the man who in Claire's youth denied that her child was his and made her an outcast and a prostitute. When the town rejects such an offer at the expense of a much esteemed citizen, Claire does not argue; she can afford, she announces, to wait.

She waits, and when Schill worries, people tell him it comes from his own sense of guilt. But he sees the whole town buying wildly, on credit; and when he tries to run away, he finds an obstructive wall of townspeople at the railway station. In the clutch of material self-interest, the town goes in for moral self-deception, until at

a public meeting Schill is condemned to death. With a billion-mark check for his killers, and with Schill's coffin borne before her, Claire goes away.

Something comparably cynical in tone, and in spots even similar in treatment, went into Mark Twain's *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*. But Dürrenmatt's tale of the woman who corrupted Gullen is more eerily sinister. In Madame Zachanassian, with her entourage—pet panther, youthful eighth husband, blinded perjurers, American gangsters—are the all-too-obvious symbols of a ruthless, degenerate world. Moreover, it was Claire herself who



THE LUNTS

Acrid, eerie, fiendish—and wonderful.

carefully reduced Gullen to poverty as a prelude to tempting it; and her revenge seems directed almost as much on the town that witnessed her shame as on the man who caused it. "The world," she cries, "made me into a whore. Now I make the world into a brothel."

With its macabre lighting and with Peter Brook's often eloquent staging, *The Visit* is as incredible and surrealist, yet as bluntly precise and compelling, as a dream. Right in the midst of her demands for his death, Claire will have a woody, almost idyllic reunion with her betrayer. The play's harsh power lies in just such incongruity, in its consistent theatricality, in its mingling of batlike symbolic figures with small-town burghers and clods, in what it graphically evokes but never exactly defines. Is it Schill, for example, that the townspeople finally kill, or is it their consciences?

A more central question is how philosophically bleak is Dürrenmatt's own outlook? Is his an outraged castigation or an icy judgment? Is he saying how sadly corruptible is man, or calling life itself corrupt? In any case, not since Tennessee Williams' *Camino Real* has a new Broadway play conveyed so fanged and carniv-

orous a world. But where Williams traded in the very decadence and violence he seemed at war with, *The Visit*, whether or not philosophically in focus, never gets dramatically out of hand.

As the monstrous Lady Bountiful, Lynn Fontanne plays with a wonderfully enameled hardness, a high-styled fiendish poise. Playing Schill in a quite different style, Alfred Lunt gives a vividly realistic picture of human fright faced with the inhumanly frightening.

Paradoxically, the chilling anger of *The Visit* springs from the fertile, unangry mind of a bulky (230 lbs.), cigar-smoking Swiss burgher with the tastes of a *bon vivant*, the genial manner of a retired cook. Surrounded by his wife Lotti (once an actress), three children, four dogs and seven cats, 37-year-old Friedrich Dürrenmatt churns out his bitter plays from a picture-postcard villa in the green woods overlooking Lake Neuchâtel.

Playwright Dürrenmatt can well afford his bucolic luxury. Almost unknown in the U.S. until *The Visit* (although one novel, *The Judge and His Hangman*, was published by Harpers in 1955, and earlier this year an off-Broadway group presented his *Fools Are Passing Through*), Dürrenmatt is one of the best-known and most often performed writers in mid-Europe. Last season *The Visit* alone had 213 performances on eleven different German stages.

Son of a clergyman and grandson of a well-known Swiss satiric poet, Dürrenmatt turned to drama after studying philosophy at the universities of Bern and Zurich. He settled in Neuchâtel "because I wanted to be alone, far away from friends who would constantly call on me, hampering my work."

A lover of Shakespeare and Greek drama, Dürrenmatt regards himself as a cynical realist, but adds: "I am not one of those who have lost all hope. Cynicism does not mean bitterness. If a situation is described in a cruel manner, it does not necessarily mean the author is bitter."

Money for the Muses

Dollar by dollar, Manhattan's grandiose, slow-moving, multi-musived Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts inches closer to completion. On the drawing boards since 1956, the project, which eventually will become a six-building headquarters for the New York Philharmonic, the Metropolitan Opera and other highbrow projects, has had to squirm past hassles with disgruntled tenants and will not be completed before 1963.

Last week two whopping gifts brought the center a trombone-length nearer reality. From Socialite Art Patron Mrs. Vivian Allen (daughter of Department-Store Tycoon Joseph Shoenberg, one of the founders of the May Co.) came \$3,000,000, to be used on a 1,200-seat repertory theater. For the general fund covering construction expenses, one member of the Philharmonic's board of directors anonymously kicked in \$500,000. Total gifts so far: \$28,550,000, largely from the Ford, Rockefeller and Avalon Foundations. Still needed: \$46,450,000.

VIEWPOINT

Advertising

Businesslike

Can advertising agencies live by basic management principles, just as major industries do? Proof that they can be successful, widely-esteemed Kenyon & Eckhart, which operates under the belief that it can turn out a better advertising product for clients if the agency is stable, well-organized and offers incentives to its people.



LEWIS:

Alert management up and down the line

"I don't believe advertising has to be a profession," says handsome, hard-working William B. Lewis, president of K&E. "I shall be happy if it continues to be an honorable, well-managed, creative business—a respected arm of the overall business of communications."

Standards, Stockholders

"Without stifling our creativity," explains ex-radio-executive Lewis, "we try to develop tools and techniques to increase efficiency. For example, there are the famous K&E Book of Standards and Book of Procedures—never smothering or static, but always there to chart the road."

"And of course," adds Lewis, "on the subject of incentive, there's nothing like being a part owner. K&E is owned by more than 100 people, 15% of its employees, and every person in a key position is invited to buy stock."

Keeping Up

Lewis nutshells the current lag thus: "As a nation, we haven't kept up in marketing skills with our productive capacities." Alert management up and down the advertising and marketing line, he feels, will help jog the U.S. out of its "psychological recession."

Published as a service to the advertising industry and the consuming public by

McCall's

The magazine of Togetherness

MILESTONES

Married. Tyrone Power, 44, cinematographer (*The Sun Also Rises*); and Mrs. Deborah Montgomery Minardos, 26, sleek, brunette stepdaughter of a well-heeled Southern businessman; he for the third time (No. 1, French Actress Annabella; No. 2, International Playgirl Linda Christian), she for the second; in Tunica, Miss.

Divorced. By Lorraine Manville Baxter, 63, asbestos heiress, sister of Playboy Tommy Manville; Charles Baxter, 33, sometime TV actor; after three years of marriage; in Las Vegas, Nev. With only four divorces, Lorraine trails far behind brother Tommy (ten wives).

Died. Richard Skelton, 9, son of Co-medical Red Skelton; of leukemia; in Los Angeles. After the boy's illness was discovered, Red Skelton took his family on a tour of Europe so Richard could see its lands and peoples before he died.

Died. Otto Abetz, 55, overbearing ambassador (1940-44) from Nazi Germany to the French puppet government at Vichy, onetime professed pacifist and champion of Franco-German solidarity, whose prewar activities in France, e.g., bribing writers and newsmen, helped reduce French preparedness during the gathering storm; by flames in the interior of his Volkswagen after a crash near Düsseldorf, which also killed his wife. Abetz was tried as a war criminal in 1949 and sentenced to 20 years at hard labor. Freed in 1954, he avoided politics, worked as a freelance writer on economics.

Died. Norman Bel Geddes, 65, stage and industrial designer, father of Actress Barbara Bel Geddes; of a heart attack, while lunching at Manhattan's University Club. Irrepressibly creative Norman Bel Geddes designed everything from ashtrays to sets for the Metropolitan Opera, refrigerators, radios, root-beer bottles, magazine layouts, furniture, downtown Toledo, motor cars, gasoline stations, the interiors of Pan American Airways' China Clippers, Fifth Avenue store windows, a tent without poles for the Ringling Bros. circus. Designer of more than 50 theatrical productions (*Ziegfeld Follies*; *Lady, Be Good*; *Fifty Million Frenchmen*), he was also one of the first big-time talents to enter the field of industrial design, crowned that phase of his activities with the General Motors Futurama at the 1939 New York World's Fair.

Died. Lucien Lelong, 68, Paris dress designer and *parfumeur*; of a heart attack; in Biarritz, France. As president of the fashion-ruling *Chambre Syndicale de la Couture*, Lelong persuaded the World War II Nazi invaders not to shift the fashion capital from Paris to Berlin because only in Paris could *couture* flourish, and German-dominated postwar Europe would need a flourishing *couture* to compete with Manhattan's Seventh Avenue.

Buttonhook, line and slinker, the Nazis bought the argument, let Paris' 60-odd dressmakers carry on business almost as usual. Among them: Lelong protégés Balmain and Dior.

Died. Dr. Khan Sahib, 76, founder and leader of Pakistan's ruling Republican Party, onetime (1955-57) Chief Minister of the province of West Pakistan, a physician who became a member of the Indian National Congress, worked with Nehru and Gandhi for Indian independence; of three bayonet wounds delivered by an assassin; in Lahore, Pakistan.

Died. James Branch Cabell, 79, novelist (the *Poetesque* cycle, including *Jurgen*), essayist (*Quiet, Please*), misanthrope to whom the human condition was "only the strivings of an ape left of his tail and grown rusty at climbing . . ."; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Richmond. Turning in disdain from the real world of his own (and unnamed) Beat Generation, Cabell retreated into his own fantastic realm of medieval *Poetesque* (a mythical land in southern France). Few readers followed, until in 1919 Cabell sent the potbellied, middle-aged *Jurgen* back into time to make love to the most voluptuous prizes in history. The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice effected a temporary ban, readers swarmed, and James Branch Cabell reached overnight the literary heights of the dawning '20s. No later book—he wrote more than 50 in all—approached *Jurgen's* popularity; the author's readership atrophied to near zero, but he declared that he was content to "sink, cackling thinly, into an amiable senescence."

Died. Joseph E. Davies, 81, international lawyer, diplomat, onetime (1936-38) U.S. Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., third husband (1935-55) of Post Toasties Heiress Marjorie Post Close Hutton Davies; of bronchial pneumonia following a cerebral thrombosis; in Washington. His bestselling, be-kind-to-Communism *Mission to Moscow* (1942) did much to enlist U.S. sympathies for Russia during World War II. * when Davies was back in Washington as special assistant to Secretary of State Cordell Hull. As F.D.R.'s special envoy, he helped set up the Teheran Conference (1943) and, as Truman's envoy, the Potsdam Conference (1945). Born in Wisconsin, the career Washington lawyer first served the government under Woodrow Wilson, who took him to Versailles as an economic adviser.

* While living in Moscow, Ambassador and Mrs. Davies had already done much to win Soviet admiration. The Russians, who despised foreign left-wingers, respected the forthright capitalism Davies displayed when he showed up with 50 pieces of hand luggage, 30 trunks, 25 refrigerators to accommodate tons of frozen foods shipped in from the U.S., a valet, male and female personal secretaries, and a four-masted, oil-burning yacht moored at Leningrad.

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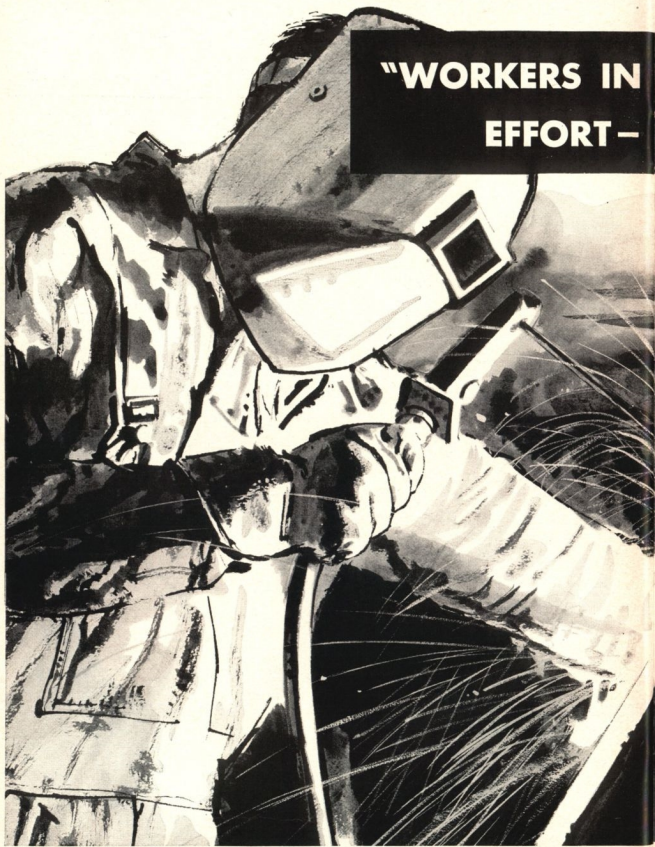
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Industrialists new to the Southland are telling us...

THE SOUTH MAKE AN EXTRA AND IT'S PAYING OFF TODAY!"

MANY OF OUR industrial newcomers are old-timers in the manufacturing business, with years of production experience in other industrial regions. How do these executives and managers feel about their first plant in the South? Most of all, they are enthusiastic about the *willingness to work* so characteristic of men and women in industry here in the South.

WE WANT YOUR FREIGHT IN '58!

To shippers and receivers of freight, the railroad that "Serves the South" now offers the largest, most efficient, most modern plant and equipment in its 127-year history. As never before, we are eager to serve and geared to GO. Let our low-rate, all-weather volume transportation service help you do a better job for your shipping dollar.

THIS year, ship via Southern and see!

They tell of their production goals and quality standards met and surpassed in surprisingly short time, at the same wage rates that they were accustomed to paying elsewhere. This is particularly gratifying at a time when lessened business activity everywhere calls for a closer scrutiny by management of all production costs.

The record proves that dependable, easily trained, *eager-to-work* manpower in all classifications is one of the South's great "resources" today. It makes for less worker turnover, absenteeism and other difficulties. It means better morale in the plant, with more efficient production and lower manufacturing cost per unit. Let our Industrial Development staff tell you all about all the many unique advantages the fast-growing Southland offers industry today. "Look Ahead — Look South!"

Harry A. Roberts
President

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH



All America is growing—but the fast-growing youngster of the "family" is the modern South!

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Confidence at Hot Springs

The nation's leading businessmen got a chance last week at Hot Springs, Va., to sound a clarion call for what the Government should do about the recession—but they never got the horn to their lips. Instead, the more than 100 members of the Business Advisory Council, a blueblood business group that advises the Secretary of Commerce on top policy matters, spent their semiannual meeting without reaching any clear-cut conclusions about the economy, particularly the matter of a tax cut.

The time is not ripe for a tax cut, said the council's anti-recession committee, headed by Theodore V. Houser, chairman of Sears, Roebuck; but a cut may be



Alfred Eisenstaedt
SEARS, ROEBUCK'S HOUSER
From blueblood businessmen . . .

needed if the economy continues to decline. In that case, the group favored an across-the-board slash in personal income tax rates; it did not go on record about corporate or excise taxes.

Two-thirds of the delegates were opposed to a tax cut now, said Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks. Opposition to a cut centered in the council's committee on taxes—headed by President Paul C. Cabot of Boston's State Street Investment Corp.—which questioned the value of "sprinkling a few dollars per taxpayer over the economy," considered a tax cut only a surface palliative for deeper economic ills. If a tax cut is inevitable, said the committee, it should be framed as a long-range reform of the entire tax structure instead of just a slash to spur business. This "would not end the recession tomorrow," but could have "highly desirable results" in the long run.

Keep Your Shirt On. One of the most vocal members of the antitax faction was George Humphrey, former Secretary of the Treasury, now board chairman of National Steel Corp. Snorted Humphrey: "They say a budget deficit is needed to cure the recession. Well, we've got one already." The tax cut he sponsored in 1954 was an "honest" tax cut, said Humphrey, because it was covered by savings in Government spendings. But present tax cut proposals are "dishonest" because they involve bigger Government deficits. Humphrey's formula for curing the recession: "Keep your shirt on." Against this view, Fred Lazarus Jr., chairman of Federated Department Stores, argued for a tax cut to stimulate consumer buying now. Thomas McCabe, president of Scott Paper Co., and onetime Federal Reserve chairman, urged Government leaders to "turn on the juice" by authorizing a tax cut when it is needed.

When it came to other cures, Houser's anti-recession committee came out for expansion of Government spending already under way and product improvement and price reductions by business, suggested that President Eisenhower use his influence to get a one-year moratorium on price and wage hikes. But the idea of a price-wage freeze got little support from the meeting's free enterprisers, who had no enthusiasm for urging the President to take such a direct hand in the wage and price process, even on a voluntary basis.

Bumping Along. The unwillingness of businessmen to talk for a tax cut was surprising, because only a few months ago business sentiment seemed to be overwhelmingly in favor of it. One reason for the wait-and-see attitude was the increasing confidence of businessmen. After a "horrible" February that saw business 9% below last August's peak, said Sears, Roebuck's Houser, his firm had recovered half the lost ground by April. In his private reading of the delegates' views, Commerce Secretary Weeks said that 15% thought that the economy had already started upward, 15% said it had not yet hit bottom, and the majority that it was bumping along on the bottom.

View from the Bottom?

Those who felt that the recession was bottoming out found some facts to back their faith.

¶ **Overall unemployment was going down,** though factory jobs in April fell off another 271,000 to 15 million. For the week ended May 5, the Labor Department reported the year's biggest drop in those collecting unemployment compensation, with a dip of 66,900 to a total of 3,265,700. Part of the drop was due to a seasonal pickup in outdoor workers, yet initial jobless claims for the week also turned down by 19,800.

¶ **Retail sales rose** in April to \$16.1 billion, 2% better than March. Most important, durable goods registered a gain for

the first time this year, while housing, slowed by a cold winter and a wet spring, was picking up speed rapidly. April housing jumped to an annual rate of 950,000, v. a level of 880,000 in March, and is expected to do even better in May.

¶ **Inventories declined** still another \$700 million in March, bringing closer the time when many industries must start reordering. As steel stocks slipped down to the 1954 level, steelmen report that 10% of all capacity—and 20% of all new orders—is on a rush basis, about as high as the industry can go. With production currently up a bit to 50%, steelmen forecast an upsurge of ten percentage points in the next eight weeks. Said *Iron Age* magazine: "This is brave talk. Yet some steelmen think it is a conservative estimate."

Wall Street, which has long since dis-



The New York Times
NATIONAL STEEL'S HUMPHREY
. . . mixed conclusions.

counted much of the bad news, put on a buying spurt. Led by steels, rails, oils and aircraft, stocks on the Dow-Jones industrial average climbed two points higher during the week to hit a new high for the year at 462.56, nearly 43 points better than the recession low of last October. Poor earnings were easily shrugged off. At the annual meeting of Radio Corp. of America, President John L. Burns gave 1,275 stockholders of the world's biggest electronics company the bad news about a 29.7% first-quarter decline in earnings, to \$9,000,000. But the stock went down only one-eighth of a point.

Argument for Pessimists

For those still in a bearish frame of mind, Roy L. Reiersen, vice president of and chief economist for Manhattan's Bankers Trust Co., argued that the leveling out of the economy is still ahead.

TIME CLOCK

Speaking before the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks in Boston last week, Reiersen noted that "many maladjustments have entered the economy in recent years, and their correction may be neither painless nor swift." Troublesome problems are the continuing rise in wage rates in the face of unemployment, and the rigid price structure that keeps prices high in the face of surpluses.

Economist Reiersen dismissed the idea that the economy will slip into deep depression. But neither did he see any return to the boom for several years. Industry has too much overcapacity for another big investment surge and consumers are so deeply in debt that their buying power will be curtailed for some time. Concluded Reiersen: "Admittedly, this appraisal runs counter to much of the economic thinking of our times, which takes for granted a quick return to long-term growth. Yet there is a real possibility that it may well take until the 1960s before the economy regains sufficient thrust to push industrial production to sustained new peaks."

Subsidies for Miners?

To Congress this week went Interior Secretary Fred Seaton's plan to help depressed U.S. mining industries and also to quiet opposition to extending the reciprocal trade agreements. Under Seaton's five-year plan, which would cost an estimated \$161 million the first year, the Government would pay the miners of copper, lead, zinc, tungsten and fluorspar the difference between the market price and a set "stabilization" price. To Canada and the Latin American countries that export metals to the U.S., the Seaton plan is a welcome alternative to the tariff increases they face. The increases, plus cutbacks in imports, have already stirred up bitter feelings, as Vice President Nixon has found out on his South American tour.

To most U.S. metal producers the plan is merely a rear-guard action against the tariff increases that they feel are necessary. Anaconda's Chairman Clyde Weed called the subsidies "unfair and absurd." Said a Kennecott official: "I can't imagine the American taxpayer making contributions to Kennecott and Anaconda."

But Secretary Seaton, who has President Eisenhower's firm support, sees his plan as the only way to keep on good terms with metal-exporting allies, who would be badly hurt by tariffs, while still giving support to hard-pressed domestic mining industries, which have been hit by imports and decreasing demand. Congressmen from Western mining states, who have been agitating for tariff boosts, seem ready to support some form of the Seaton plan, are expected to go along with the Administration's request for extension of reciprocal trade. Said Nevada's Senator George Malone of the Seaton proposal: "I think it's excellent as an interim plan."

FOOD PRICES are expected to decline a bit this month, cut consumer price index for first time since August of 1956. Reason: heavier supplies of beef, fruits, vegetables are coming on market.

BUILDING COSTS "will push upward at the rate of about 1% every four months" for the next year at least, predicts authoritative F. W. Dodge Corp.

FIRST NEGRO STEWARDESS aboard a U.S.-flag international airline will go to work with Trans World Airlines. She is Margaret Grant, 21, who will graduate next month from Manhattan's Hunter College (where she majors in psychology) and enter T.W.A.'s hostess training school at Kansas City, Mo.

G.M. STOCK SAVINGS PLAN for salaried employees is proving a major success. More than 92,000, or 83%, of eligible employees have invested \$104 million—half of it in G.M. stock, half in Government bonds. Company contributes 50¢ worth of stock for every \$1 saved by employees. G.M. offered plan to its 350,000 hourly workers in 1955, but the U.A.W. rejected it.

OIL IMPORT LID will be hammered down tighter on West Coast. Pressure is mounting in Washington for cut in quotas because imports to area have fallen 30% to 35% below ceiling of 220,100 bbl.

OIL

New Middle East Split

The price for promising Middle East oil concessions is rising so fast that the so-called fifty-fifty profit split is as dead as a dry well.

Last week a group of Japanese oilmen won a 2,800-sq.-mi. concession in the Persian Gulf off the neutral zone by contracting to pay 56% of the production profits to the zone's owners, Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. The deal came just a few days after Standard Oil Co. (Indiana) became the first major U.S. company to upset the fifty-fifty pattern. For a 6,177-sq.-mi. concession off Iran's shores in the gulf, Indiana Standard agreed to pay 75% of profits to Iran, plus a \$25 million bonus, and to spend \$82 million in exploration and development over the next twelve years. If no oil is found, Indiana will turn over half of the unspent portion of the \$82 million to Iran.

Other companies had bid against Indiana Standard, offering only the fifty-fifty split. But this was more fiction than fact, because they also offered huge bonuses, bigger than Indiana Standard's. Iran chose the smaller bonus and bigger split, gambling that Standard will find a huge new field. If it fails to, then Iran will lose the gamble.

From Teheran to Texas, many an oilman grumbled that the new deals would inspire other oil-rich Middle Eastern coun-

per day owing to recession in demand. At very least, individual quotas of major companies will be slashed to make way for new importers, who have applied to bring in 45,100 bbl. per day.

CHINA-JAPAN TRADE DEALS are off. Businessmen from Japan have been ordered to leave Red China, all import-export licenses are invalid, and ballyhooed five-year, \$560 million Chinese-Japanese barter deal is dead. Chinese claim break is due to Japanese Premier Kishi's "hostile attitude toward China," but a main reason is that Red Chinese are trying to welsh on some deals.

FREE URANIUM MARKET, authorized by AEC, will permit producers to sell ore and concentrate to private U.S. and foreign firms for first time. Uranium men expect no immediate sales boom, but figure on big private market to develop over next few years.

\$100 MILLION SKYSCRAPER of 50 stories is planned for present site of Manhattan's Grand Central Terminal Office Building. Group headed by Manhattan Builder Erwin Wolfson agreed to lease land from owner of site, New York Central and New Haven Railroads. But Wolfson, who was in one of the three other abortive deals for similar buildings, still has to sign final lease and get financing.

tries to cancel their present fifty-fifty deals and demand sweeter contracts. But calmer leaders in the industry brushed such remarks aside. Said Howard Page, Middle East boss for Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey): "Some oilmen say that it is immoral or something to bid in a certain way. Baloney! I certainly do not want anyone to tell us how we can bid."

SELLING & MARKETING

Certified Price Tags

To end the "price pack" which pads the cost of new cars with phony charges, the auto industry last week got some help from the Senate Commerce Committee. It voted to require manufacturers to stick a "suggested" retail price on each car delivered. Sponsored by Senators "Mike" Monroney and Strom Thurmond, the bill also requires automakers to list suggested prices for optional equipment and accessories, calls for fines of \$1,000 on each untaxed car, \$1,000 for each misleading label. The bill, backed by Ford and General Motors, must now clear the full Senate and the House before it can go to the President.

We'll Call You

Seeking reasons for the auto slump, the *Wall Street Journal* pointed a finger at lazy salesmen in a memo to dealers: "There are hordes of people driving the streets today who are ready and able to

INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

Many Should Stay Home

AS every airman knows, there are too many airlines. To every nation, big or little, a "flag carrier" is a matter of national prestige. Since landing rights are awarded on a reciprocal basis, even the smallest nation can get into the business merely by awarding landing rights to other countries. At last count, no fewer than 200 so-called international airlines were in the air—when possibly half that number could do the job.

In some cases, small nations have a real need for an international line, or fly so efficiently that they can compete on even terms with bigger nations. The Netherlands' 38-year-old K.L.M. and Belgium's Sabena, both with far-flung routes and big, modern fleets, rank among the world's finest airlines, earn valuable foreign exchange and promote much tourism for their mother nations. Flying to the U.S. and South America, Japan Air Lines serves a booming nation of 90 million people, not only generates most of its own international traffic but has such an effective domestic network that it operates without subsidy. Australia's globe-circling Qantas gets heavy traffic from an area in the midst of rapid economic development, performs a real economic service as a lifeline to the rest of the world.

But many other small nations are as out of place in international skies as pigeons among peregrines. More often than not they cannot operate except by turning themselves into cut-rate, fly-by-night carriers along the lines of the first postwar U.S. nonsked airlines. Usually, they do not pose a competitive threat to well-established lines, but in Latin America they have made flying a cutthroat business (TIME, May 5).

The small lines around the world also pose serious questions of efficiency. While many of the lines were set up—and fly—with the help of established carriers, most nations insist, for nationalistic reasons, on filling at least 50% of all air-crew jobs with their own men. Many of the native flyers do not yet have the training for the job. One U.S. captain for Saudi Arabian Airlines reports that his invariable instruction to his Arab copilot is "Don't touch anything." Indonesia's ambitious (39 planes) Garuda airline is in serious trouble since it fired all Dutch pilots and technicians; also facing trouble is Union of Burma Airways, with few experts—and with three Viscount turboprops on order.

Overambition spells heavy losses for many a small airline that once did well. For years, Thai Airways flew two DC-

45 along a neat little system spreading out from Bangkok to Tokyo and Calcutta; then after crashes in 1953, the line tried to break into the big time by ordering three big Lockheed Super-G Constellations. In service last year, the planes promptly started losing \$350,000 a month for Thai. Now the planes are grounded because the airline does not have enough money to operate them. Philippine Air Lines almost came a cropper by pushing too hard on international flights to the U.S., Japan and Europe, lost so heavily that the late Philippine President Mag-saysay finally called a halt.

Few newcomers to flying seem to learn from the experience of others. Ireland, whose sole major airport (Shannon) is served by no fewer than twelve airlines, recently succumbed to the temptation of a transatlantic line even though it could only afford to lease three Super Constellations (and crews) from Seaboard & Western. Austria recently flew into the big time with a line prepared to go anywhere except where it is needed. Using four chartered Viscounts, Austrian Airlines will soon be serving such major—and well-served—cities as London, Zurich, Paris, Frankfurt, Rome and Warsaw. Yet the line has no service in Austria itself, which lacks an internal airline and badly needs one.

No one wants to shoot the small foreign carriers out of the air. But many airmen think they should stay out of the international big leagues and concentrate on regional feeder operations where they can perform a real economic service. A prime example is Lebanon's Middle East Airlines (48% British Overseas Airways Corp. owned), which operates a profitable Viscount service throughout the Arab world—where air traffic increases 30% annually (world increase: 13%)—and has no ambitions beyond operating as a feeder service. A second solution for small lines would be to merge with others to form one major international unit along the lines of Scandinavia's SAS, which has enough traffic, capital and competitive know-how to survive.

For those who insist on staying in the blue-chip game, the problem can only get worse—and in so doing, may help solve itself. With the new jets costing around \$5,000,000 apiece, the international airline business will soon get so expensive that few of the small newcomers will be able to afford the heavy losses of competition in return for the hollow luxury of showing their flags to blasé travelers at the world's airports.

buy a new car, if you'd only ask them." Last week the *Journal* got a rise out of William O. Neale, vice president for sales of Los Angeles' Harger-Haldeman, Plymouth-Chrysler-Imperial agency. Wrote Neale: "The fact is, our fellows don't spend time talking about the recession. They're too busy doing something about it—with phone calls, personal letters, direct-mail pieces. We'd like to invite you to drop into either of our showrooms, so we can sell you a car. (In fact, a salesman will be calling you today for an appointment.)" The *Journal* printed the letter in its letters-to-the-editor column, with the dry comment: "The salesman didn't call."

The Proper Spirit

"Small cars may be Detroit's answer to the recession," Manhattan's Longchamps restaurants proclaimed last week. "Ours is a LARGER WHISKEY GLASS." So saying, in three of its restaurants the twelve-restaurant chain trotted out 864 new shot glasses, each delivering an extra $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of spirits for the old, precession price (85¢). Longchamps' long shot was not in the dark; a test run with the new glasses boosted liquor sales 5% in one restaurant.

HOUSING

New Boom in Florida

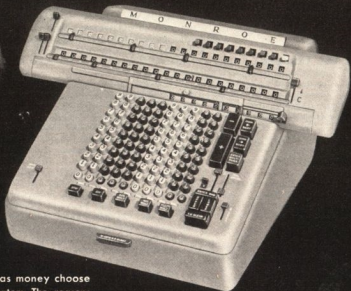
The most heavily traded stock on the American Stock Exchange last week belonged to a company that few Wall Streeters had heard of until recently: General Development Corp., whose shares went from twelve to 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ in the past month. General Development, pioneering a new kind of land boom in Florida, is building and selling houses at a price that retired oldsters on social security can afford.

What gave the stock its bounce was a new project at Port Charlotte, a strip of Florida's west coast, 130 miles south of St. Petersburg. There, General Development is selling lots that start at \$895 and houses that start at \$6,900, for mortgage payments as low as \$46 a month.

General Development is the most successful example of a new trend in building—a combination of building know-how and sufficient capital that has made it possible to launch the biggest national advertising campaign by any U.S. builder. This year General is spending almost \$2,000,000 in advertising. As a result, 300 to 400 letters came into its offices every day last week from as far off as Hong Kong, each with a \$10 down payment for a lot. In the past year, the company has sold 34,000 homesites and close to 800 houses at Port Charlotte.

The company is also building in other coastal areas—Fort Pierce, Pompano Beach and Vero Beach—and it is planning homesites for land that it owns near Cape Canaveral. Altogether, bustling General Development expects to sell \$75 million worth of Florida houses and land this year, v. \$22.6 million last year. In this year's first quarter, the company reported earnings of 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ a share, v. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ for all of 1957; it anticipates full-year earnings to hit \$10 million, or around \$4 for each

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What they say about Ketchum, Inc. **AFTER** the fund-raising campaign

HOSPITALS

"Never anything so well planned, organized, followed up."—Wm. J. Sampson, Jr., Co-Chairman, United Hospital Completion Fund, Warren, Ohio

"What was paid Ketchum, Inc. should prove the soundest investment this community ever made."—The Ingham County News; Mason Hospital, Mason, Michigan

"Outstanding direction and cooperation contributed very much to success."—Sister M. Berenice, Administrator, Benedictine Hospital, Kingston, New York

CHURCHES AND TEMPLES

"Only with Ketchum know-how and dynamic Christian spirit could we have produced such an oversubscribed campaign."—The Rev. Walter F. Hetzel, Salem Ecumenical and Reformed Church, Tonawanda, N.Y.

"No 'revival' ever did more for a church. The entire program of the church has been lifted."—The Rev. Finley Keech, D.D., First Baptist Church, Fall River, Massachusetts

"Without your organization, we would never have raised this amount in such a short time."—Jack B. Kammins, President, Indianapolis Hebrew Congregation, Indianapolis, Indiana

YM AND YWCA'S

"Without the diligent and well-directed efforts of your staff, our Building Fund Campaign just would not have attained its objective."—Paul T. Babson, President, YMCA, Boston, Massachusetts

BOY SCOUTS

"Your enthusiasm and drive certainly the reason for success."—J. Jay Wilcox, Scout Executive, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

UNITED FUNDS

"Your director made the job as easy as possible for us . . ."—B. E. Fishburn, Co-Chairman, Freeport, Illinois

COLLEGES

"One of the finest pieces of work I have ever seen done."—J. Roy Pennell, Campaign Vice Chairman, Converse College, Spartanburg, South Carolina

We can furnish you many other references which you may check. Write to McClean Work, Ketchum, Inc., General Offices, 1406 Chamber of Commerce Building, Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

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of its 2,600,000 shares, and intends to put all profits into expansion.

No Monuments. The company is run by the three Mackle brothers—Elliott, 49, Robert, 46, and Frank, 42—who now rank as the South's biggest residential builders. The brothers, who share one office and secretary, started in the business while still schoolboys. Their father, a British-born Florida builder, insisted that they spend their summers mixing concrete and hammering nails, left them with a stern legacy: "Be the first man on the job and the last to leave. Build good houses. Don't build monuments to yourself."

The brothers inherited the business just before Pearl Harbor, turned to building for the Government. When peace came, they cashed in on the veterans' housing boom, built an average of \$6,500,000 worth of houses a year by pricing their houses about \$1,000 less than their competitors. Like other big builders, they trimmed construction costs by doing their own concrete and roadwork, are always alert to save even pennies; recently they saved 45¢ a house by rerouting an electrical conduit.

The Mackle houses are hard to beat for the price. At Port Charlotte, the company sells ten different models of pastel-colored, concrete-block ranch-type houses from \$6,960 (one bedroom, living room, kitchen and screened porch) to \$16,260 (three bedrooms, living-dining area, two baths, garage, terrazzo floors, tile roof). The Mackles try to avoid the project look that afflicts many mass building areas by laying out streets in winding arcs, alternating models, setting houses at different angles, and surrounding them with fast-growing trees and shrubbery.

Cash from Canada. Early in the 1950s, the Mackles started to woo a new market: persons at or near retirement age. In a market survey, they found that 68% of older Americans were willing to retire in Florida and that their incomes averaged \$160 a month. The Mackles felt they could put up a house priced for such a small income, but they lacked the bankroll to swing a nationwide promotion. To get



ELLIOTT, ROBERT & FRANK MACKLE
A knack for saving pennies.

it, they teamed with Canadian Financier Louis Chesler, 45, who had rolled up a fortune by underwriting mining promotions. Chesler has poured in about \$5,640,000 to date, is General Development's chairman, with Frank Mackle as president.

General Development has lined up several hedges against a slump in Florida land sales: a new chemical process to plate chrome directly onto aluminum, and a private utility system that sells water to its housing developments. But the Mackles do not worry about a slowdown in housing. Says Frank Mackle: "Anyone can sell when the housing market is good. But when the market gets tough and choosy, we can really go to town because we can undersell the competition."

CORPORATIONS

Living It Up with Pepsi

Next to his wife, durable Screen Siren Joan Crawford, the personal pride of Pepsi-Cola Chairman Alfred Nu Steele is his gymnasium-sized Manhattan apartment, 13 stories above Fifth Avenue at 70th Street. Easily awed Broadway columnists have dubbed it "Taj Joan." But it's quite a place; Joan insists that vis-



GENERAL DEVELOPMENT'S PORT CHARLOTTE
A place in the sun for \$6,960.

Dillon

*This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these Bonds.
The offer is made only by the Prospectus.*

\$150,000,000
***International Bank for Reconstruction
and Development***

Ten Year Bonds of 1958, Due May 15, 1968

Interest Rate 3¾%

Interest payable November 15 and May 15 in New York City

Price 100% and Accrued Interest

*Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any State from only such of the undersigned as may legally offer
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THE FIRST BOSTON CORPORATION

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STONE & WEBSTER SECURITIES CORPORATION

WHITE, WELD & CO.

May 6, 1958.

NEW ISSUE



\$15,000,000

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Price 98.60% and Accrued Interest

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Harriman Ripley & Co.
Incorporated

The First Boston Corporation	Blyth & Co., Inc.	Eastman Dillon, Union Securities & Co.
Glore, Forgan & Co.	Goldman, Sachs & Co.	Kidder, Peabody & Co.
Lazard Frères & Co.	Lehman Brothers	Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith
Smith, Barney & Co.	Stone & Webster Securities Corporation	White, Weld & Co.

May 7, 1958.

itors remove their shoes before entering lest they soil the quicksand-soft golden carpets.

Last week Steele, Joan and Taj Joan all hit the spot—the one marked X—at Pepsi's annual stockholders' meeting. Reason: a small note on page 6 of the annual proxy statement.

"During 1957, Mr. Steele had extensive alterations and structural changes made in the cooperative apartment. As Mr. Steele was absent from New York on company affairs for some 165 days in 1957, the Company paid for him, and charged monthly to his account, costs on this work. The largest aggregate amount of debt from Mr. Steele was \$387,011.65.



John U. Hill

PEPSI-COLA'S STEELE & WIFE
\$387,011.65, and that's a lot.

This has been repaid in full. Interest at the rate of 6% was charged."

It was clear that \$387,011.65 is a lot of Pepsi. Professional Corporation Baiter John Gilbert (no kin to the silent screen idol) asked if the apartment was finally finished. Steele replied that it was; he had revealed the loan because Securities and Exchange Commission rules state that company proxy statements must list and explain all financial transactions with officers or big stockholders.

The apartment had cost an additional \$80,000 for decorating. The 18 rooms had been turned into eight, furnished with all of the comforts of modern civilization. Among them: a cavernous closet just for Miss Crawford's 304 pairs of shoes, another for her cosmetics and pills, a special shampoo and hairdressing basin with spray faucets, a massage table and whirlpool tub for Steele, a diamond-shaped dining-room table, a geranium-pink bedroom with wood-burning fireplace.

Critic Gilbert then said he had some questions for Miss Crawford, who had

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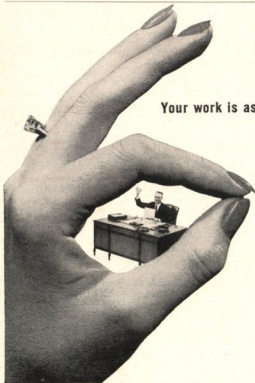
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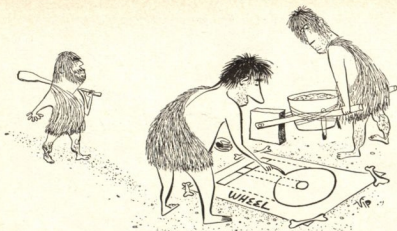
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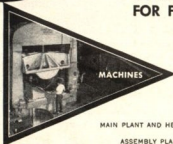


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been sitting quietly in the back of the room.

Said she: "Make it brief, boy."

Gilbert said Miss Crawford would be a welcome addition to Pepsi's board.

"If I were," she replied, "we'd have long sessions but short speeches."

Persisted Gilbert: "May I ask how many shares of Pepsi-Cola you own?"

"It's none of your business," she snapped. "Besides, I owned them before I married Mr. Steele."¹⁰

Then Steele cut in: "I let my wife run her business, and she lets me run mine."

But, as every Pepsi fan knows, behind every successful man (Pepsi's 1958 earnings are up), there is a devoted woman—one with more bounce to the ounce. This week, their apartment decorated and their debts to Pepsi paid, Mr. and Mrs. Steele were planning a six-weeks sales swing through Africa and the Middle East. Said he: "I hate to use my wife to help me sell, but let's face it—she does. On these trips most of our business is done through top officials of governments. At those high levels Crawford is fabulous."

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ James L. Palmer, 59, president of Chicago's Marshall Field & Co. since 1949, was named chief executive officer to succeed Hughston McBain, 56, who retired as chairman and chief executive after 15 years. Palmer has worked hand in hand with McBain in guiding Marshall Field through a postwar expansion period that saw the opening of three suburban stores, doubled total store space, pushed sales up some 35% (fiscal 1957: \$219,011,532). A onetime professor of marketing at the University of Chicago, Palmer joined Field's in 1936, became president after he turned down an offer to become board chairman of Montgomery Ward.

¶ Lee Talley, 56, president of Coca-Cola Export Corp. since 1954, was elected president of the Coca-Cola Co. to succeed William E. Robinson, 57, who moved up to chairman and will remain chief executive officer. Son of a minister, Alabama-born Talley went to Coca-Cola as a salesman right after Atlanta's Emory University, won a reputation as a topnotch troubleshooter, made his mark in Coke's hierarchy by putting some fizz into the Canadian subsidiary as its president.

¶ Edgar A. Jones, 42, was named president of Greyhound's two-year-old Rent-A-Car subsidiary, whose success was largely responsible for a 7% increase in Greyhound's operating revenues (to \$65,566,223) in 1958's first quarter. Erie-born Ed Jones, a bachelor, has been with Greyhound in several administrative capacities since 1936, was one of the chief movers in the formation and development of Rent-A-Car. He expects to have 400 communities served by Rent-A-Car within a year.

* In 1955. Before that, Joan was married to Douglas Fairbanks Jr., 1919. Franchot Tone, 1935, and Phillip Terry, 1942. Steele has been married twice before.

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- 3. More income . . .** Family income after taxes is at an all-time high of \$5300—is expected to pass \$7000 by 1975.

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5. More savings . . . Individual savings are at highest level ever—*\$340 billion*—a record amount available for spending.

6. More research . . . \$10 billion spent each year will pay off in more jobs, better living, whole new industries.

7. More needs . . . In the next few years we will need *\$500 billion* worth of schools, highways, homes, durable equipment. Meeting these needs will create new opportunities for everyone.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Too Much, Too Soon (Warner), a sort of woman-on-the-rocks chaser to *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, may make a lot of moviegoers feel that they have had one too many. The film is based on the best-selling autobiography (TIME, April 15, 1957) in which Actress Diana Barrymore (skillfully assisted by Author Gerold Frank) told in embarrassing detail about her troubles with booze and men. In the movie the booze flows a good deal more freely than the narrative, which reels along like a drunken monologue with a familiar moral: weak people should avoid strong drink.

"The marriage of the century" between Actor-Painter John Barrymore and Socialite-Poetaster Blanche Oelrichs (who wrote and kept a salon as Michael Strange) was fondly expected to produce a great work of art, but all that ever came of it was Diana, "a fat little girl [with] straight black hair cut in stringy bangs." When Diana was four, Mother loosed her wedlock on Father, who went west to make movies and whoopee—a disappearance disastrous to Diana, or so the picture suggests. At any rate, when Diana was 20, she made her Broadway debut to impressive reviews, and went west to make movies and whoopee.

At 21, according to the film, Diana (Dorothy Malone) married a Broadway actor who came home from work one day to find her drunk and in bed with the man who later became Husband No. 2, a "tennis bum" who refused to work for fear he might "use the wrong muscles," and who took sadistic pleasure in driving tennis balls at Diana's face. Husband No. 3 was almost as big a lush as Diana, and together they rapidly drank up all the money she had made and inherited. According to the script, she wound up doing take-offs (including clothes) in a Manhattan dive, and one night she ran amuck and wound up in the alcoholic ward. That's where the "unholy ghost" (as Author Frank is known on Publisher's Row) caught up with her and invited her to take the bestseller cure.

In the book Author Frank proved himself a competent amateur head-shrinker. But in the movie the psychologizing is vulgarly done, and every possible appeal is made to the sort of customer who likes to rub his nose in other people's business. Those who do not can only sadly agree with Diana, who at one point remarks that there is no sense in telling her story. "Living it was bad enough."

Gigi (M-G-M), 14 years and three versions ago, was a dainty Colette novelette. Once a French movie, once a Broadway play, the spicy little tidbit is now a full-course feast for eyes and ears, an extravagant \$3,000,000 cinemusical with four bright stars (Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Eva Gabor), a strong supporting cast, a topnotch

5 GALA DAYS TO

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director (Vincente Minnelli), words and music by *My Fair Lady's* Lerner and Loewe,* and some flooringly flamboyant sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton.

When Director Minnelli showed them his rough cut, the boys in the front office decided they had something special, and announced that the show would open like a Broadway play—white tie and hard ticket. The public seemed to like the idea. Despite advanced prices (\$3 top), more than \$40,000 worth of tickets were mailed before the box office opened.

Do the customers get their money's worth? It depends on what they are paying for. *Gigi* is dressed to kill, but if all the French finery impresses the customers, it also smothers the story. Worse still, the

The picture offers an occasional soupçon of French seasoning ("The only people who make love all the time are liars"), some charming lecherdom in the scenes involving Maurice Chevalier and Hermione Gingold, a sexless performance from Caron and a lifeless one from Jourdan, a wonderful happy ending which wittily demonstrates that life has more tricks than an old tart, a singable (though not memorable) musical score, and enough *bibelots*, furbelows, fichus, berthas, boas, sconces, socles, credenzas, teapots and Canterburys to deliriously overdecorate this most ornate of the cinema's recurrent funerals for the *fin de siècle*.

Paris Holiday (Tolda; United Artists). "*Je l'adore*," Anita Ekberg murmurs throatily to Bob Hope. "I did," he replies, glancing nervously at the door of his stateroom. He'll be sorry he did. Ekberg is a sneaking budge for a counterfeit ring, and Hope is an actor who wants to produce a play that exposes her employers. Arrived in Paris ("Say, that's the biggest TV tower I've ever seen"), Hope discovers that his room opens on the very same balcony as Anita's—a coincidence that could easily prove fatal, or even embarrassing. Hope is in love with Martha Hyer, a mighty jealous girl who works for the U.S. embassy when she is not repulsing his amorous advances ("This is the mating season for shellfish, you know"). Anyway, things get worse before they get better, and in the end, Hope makes a desperate attempt to get the comedy off the ground. He grabs the drapage of a passing helicopter. Very unfunny. In fact, the only funny things in the picture seem to happen when Hope has the help of his side man, France's Fernandel. They make a great team. Hope supplies what Fernandel lacks: humor.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Rouge et Noir. The edge of Stendhal's satire is dulled by sentiment, but all the same his great novel makes a good movie; with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Antonella Lualdi (TIME, May 5).

The Young Lions. Irwin Shaw's best-seller about World War II, clarified by an intelligent script and two gifted actors, Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift (TIME, April 14).

Stage Struck. Local girl makes good on Broadway—the hard way; with Susan Strasberg, Henry Fonda (TIME, April 7).

The High Cost of Loving. The hilarious private life of a rising young white-collar couple, described by Scriptwriter Rip Van Ronkel and Actor-Director José Ferrer (TIME, March 24).

The Enemy Below. A DE (Robert Mitchum) and a U-boat (Curt Jürgens) tangle in a running fracas that is sharply directed by Dick Powell (TIME, Jan 13).

The Bridge on the River Kwai. Winner of seven Academy Awards as 1957's best picture by the year's best director (David Lean) with the year's best actor (Alec Guinness)—a magnificent war story (TIME, Dec. 23).



JOURDAN & CARON
"Hold on to your ideals!"

physical exuberance of the production flusters the pensive sensuality of Colette's mood like a poodle in a cage of lovebirds. But in the details, the script sticks surprisingly close to the book. *Gigi* (Caron) is a dear little French girl whose grandaunt and grandmother have given her a strict upbringing in the finest traditions of their family—which happens to be a family of expensive prostitutes. *Gigi's* mother is the black sheep—she has sunk to a respectable job as a second lead in the Opéra-Comique—and *Gigi's* guardians (Hermione Gingold and Isabel Jeans) are taking no chances with such bad heredity. They drill the little girl in the fundamentals of her profession: 1) the proper way to eat an ortolan ("Bad table manners have broken up more homes than infidelity"); 2) the proper method of assaying a jewel ("Wait for the first-class jewels, *Gigi*. Hold on to your ideals!"); 3) the proper attitude toward marriage ("Instead of getting married at once, it sometimes happens we get married at last").

© Eighteen *Gigi* albums and 15 single records are already released or in production.

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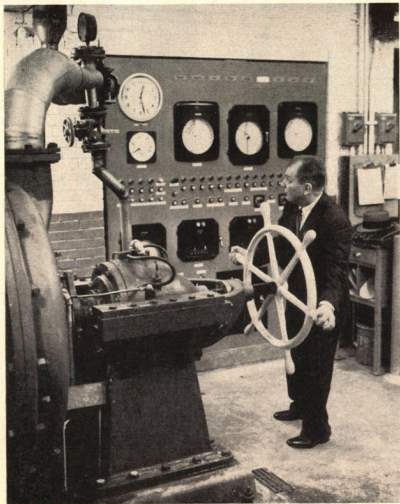
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MISCELLANY

Per Deum. In Manila, the Municipal Board refused to grant a travel allowance to Councilor Hermenegildo Gonzaga, offered instead a one-minute prayer for his safety abroad.

Hession. In Birmingham, England, Nick Brookes, manager of a Royal S.P.C.A. home for the protection and care of animals, resigned to become handler of foxhounds for the West Warwickshire Hunt.

Educated Breath. In Memphis, a motorist was asked by a cop if he would submit to a drunkometer test, pulled himself together, said, "Yes, I'm a college graduate."

Soft Suds. In Palm Springs, Calif., when bus passage was denied John Henry Miller because he had had too much to drink, he complained to police: "I can't be drunk; I've only had 30 beers."

Pin Money. In Paterson, N.J., Charles Alfier entered the Guarantee Meat Market in the predawn, tried to carry off the cash register, was found lying under it, pinned to the floor, when the store opened.

Crap Door. In Hartford, Conn., Dominick Granell was in a dice game that was raided by police, later complained that he was injured when he fell out a fourth-floor window while being chased by the law, sued the city for \$15,000, settled for \$490 at a pretrial hearing.

Subversive. In Perugia, Italy, Luigi Durante, in jail for theft, threw a rope over a hook in the ceiling of his cell, tried to hang himself, had four months added to his sentence when the hook pulled out of the ceiling and he was found guilty of "doing material damage to the state."

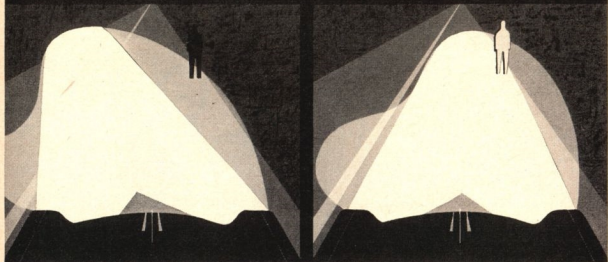
Keystone. In Chicago, Police Commissioner Timothy J. O'Connor suspended Sergeant Viator O'Gara for arriving at the scene of a stickup 43 minutes after the call was broadcast, then "standing there with a cigar in his mouth, his uniform coat unbuttoned and his hands in his pockets."

Eye the Jury. In Vancouver, B.C., Judge Alexander Manson warmly congratulated Alice O'Keefe for becoming the first woman ever chosen foreman of a jury in British Columbia, dismissed her after a Mountie recognized her and told the judge that she had a criminal record.

Stalagmight. In Liverpool, England, thieves scaled the 10-ft. wall of Walton Prison, got inside unnoticed, smashed a window and broke down a pair of 3-in. oak doors to get into the warden's office, cracked a safe, left the prison without attracting the attention of 200 jailers or disturbing the sleep of 900 prisoners.

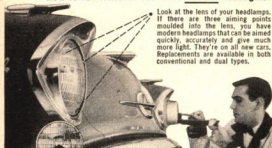
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TIME, MAY 19, 1958

BOOKS

All the Old Young Men

AFTER LONG SILENCE (350 pp.)—Robert Gutwillig—Little, Brown (\$4).

Younger generations—lost, silent, or beat—are presumed to share one quality: youth. After *Long Silence*, a first novel by Manhattan's 26-year-old Robert Gutwillig, is symptomatic of a recent fictional tendency to portray the young as prematurely aged and jaded. A scabrous episode early in Author Gutwillig's book suggests its Sagantiquated antics: "Males and females were naked to the waist. The couples seemed to be licking each other's shoulders, necks, and chests . . . Each couple had a little can with holes in the top—like a large salt cellar—and from time to time they would stop their licking and shake out some stuff over each other . . . I started sniffing and smelled cinnamon . . . I focused on one of the standing couples, and the boy stopped, and snarled at me, 'Get your own date.'"

Zombis in Hipsterland. This bizarre rite, called the "cinnamon caper," is disdained by Author Gutwillig's hero Tom Freeman, but he and his pals indulge in such mellow old youth-novel capers as fornication, abortion, homosexuality and illicit Negro-white love affairs. These goings-on take place at or near an Ivy Leagueish college named Arden that physically resembles Cornell, but the true locale is hipsterland, and the hero's quest for identity is as manic as if he were looking for a hypodermic needle in a haystack. Stylistically, Author Gutwillig tries to evoke Scott Fitzgerald but merely invokes him. His novel's value is as a minority report of a post-Korean war generation that is less interested in revolting against society than seceding from it.

The book moves as plotlessly as a dream. Tom is an upper Bohemian who lives on "infusions" from a trust fund and beds down off-campus with a girl named Lila, who frets about being half-Jewish but whose physique is as firm as her psyche is wobbly. Lila is one of the zombi women who people modern fiction; she exists to do Tom's will. Tom himself plays zombi to Chris Hunt, a kind of ex-G.I. Dorian Gray who "tinkers with machines and people" and usually cracks up both.

Après Nous the Fallout. The Tom-Lila-Chris axis turns mainly on romanticized undergraduate japes, e.g., a ten-day black-jack game, a 100-mile drive in a stolen milk truck. The trio and their clique habitually see life through one too many cocktail glasses, but the stem of boredom keeps breaking between their fingers. Chris bleeds to death in an auto crash, and Tom and Lila individually reach respectability across the great divide that separates the hipsters from the squares.

After *Long Silence* is revealing in spite of its author, not because of him. Fitzgerald's "flaming youth" was consciously breaking social taboos even when it did no more than kiss and pet. Novelist Gutwillig's off-beat generation takes its sin-

ning much more casually, but jabs itself with sensations for the sake of sensations. The author's implied excuse for their frantic frivolities is apocalyptic—*après nous* the fallout. But back of it all is the eternal romantic urge of the young to live in and for the moment. The unwitting paths of Author Gutwillig's characters is that the only way they can make time stand still is to kill it.

"Cammina! Cammina!"

ORPHEUS AT EIGHTY (372 pp.)—Vincent Sheehan—Random House (\$5).

To the Austrians who ruled northern Italy in the mid-19th century, the word Verdi was a nightmare. It haunted them from the very walls in huge letters, like the V sign of World War II. The great

of flashbacks showing the old composer looking back on the struggles and triumphs of his stupendous career. It is Sheehan's best book since *Personal History* (1935), and if its prose could be rid of repetitions and the parentheses that break out half a dozen to the page, it would be the best introduction to Verdi and his music in the English language. Clearly a labor of love, it is at once a fine tribute and a history of bitter wounds and infinite distress.

Verdi was born of peasant stock near the town of Busseto in the Po Valley in 1813. When he was 18, the townsfolk sent him to Milan Conservatory, hoping that he could be trained to become Busseto's organist and orchestra director. But the conservatory examiners flunked Verdi; his talent for composition, they said, was "passable," but his pianoforte technique was ruined by "a faulty position of the hands and wrists." This "blow to all his



Bettmann Archive

GIUSEPPE VERDI CONDUCTING "Aïda"

From an inexorable dictator, the music of liberty and revolt.

risorgimento that threw out the alien rulers and made the Italians a nation used to Verdi as its symbolic pun—a tribute to Italy's greatest composer and a proud abbreviation for the name and title of its King, "Vittorio Emanuele, Rè d'Italia."

Nobody can explain just how the operas of Giuseppe Verdi became an "electrical communication with the spirit of the time." The idea "just grew"—to the point where Italian patriots detected in the most innocent little note or inflection of a Verdi aria a cry for liberty and revolt. When Cavour received one night the telegram that began Italy's second War of Independence, he said not a word to his aides. He merely flung the window open and bellowed a phrase of Verdi's *Il Trovatore* to his sleeping countrymen.

Wounds & Distress. Vincent Sheehan calls his book *Orpheus at Eighty* because it recounts Verdi's long life in a series

pride and hope was so terrible" that Verdi never forgot, never forgave it. Helped by a friendly patron, he buckled down to a period of remorseless study and composition. By 22 he had won his post as Busseto organist over violent opposition and married his childhood sweetheart, daughter of his patron. Their two children died in infancy, and wife Margherita followed them to the grave after only four years of marriage and just before her husband's first big success, the opera *Nabucco*.

Calling the Tune. Author Sheehan is fascinated by Verdi's "peasant" response both to the grim tragedies of his youth and the fame of his later years. The words that appear in Verdi's last and perhaps greatest work, *Falstaff*—"Cammina! Cammina!" (keep going, keep going)—were already his maxim in his mid-20s, and he kept going at the rate of more

than an opera a year. Verdi hated Milan, hated the power of La Scala's management, hated "the rule of the foreigner and the secret police." But to "keep going," he pruned, cut and distorted "his rugged talent to suit the conditions of the time." With peasant toughness, Verdi awaited the day when he would call the tune as well as write it.

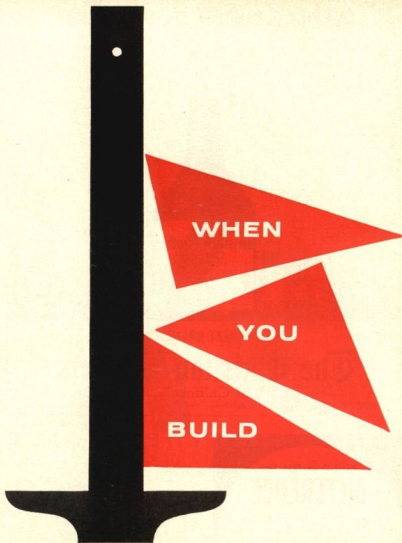
Generous and faithful to his friends, adored by those who loved him, Verdi nonetheless spent the second half of his life punishing those who had dictated to him in the first. There was no way to cajole or force the beak-nosed peasant-composer, who put his attitude in three plain words: "I am inexorable." He treated the great Scala Opera House with vengeful contempt, denying them year by year the premières of his works. (*La Traviata* was first performed in Venice, *Don Carlos* in Paris and *Aida* in Cairo for the opening of the Suez Canal.) When respectable Busseto turned up its nose at the mistress he eventually married, angry Verdi built a huge wall around his farm, put the whole town in the doghouse for 50 years. His peasant obstinacy was so formidable that Russia's Czar Alexander II, pleading with him for a new opera, promised that Verdi might set any conditions he chose "excepting that obliging the Emperor Alexander to proclaim the Republic in Russia."

Struggle for Perfection. Author Sheean goes to the root of the tragedy in Verdi's life by showing that for the most part, Verdi was not "inexorable" at all, but the victim of circumstances beyond his control. In Verdi's day, opera was little better than a fashionable madhouse—undisciplined to the point of chaos, negligent of the talents of composers and librettists. When Verdi died at 87 in 1901, this chaos had been reduced. But the present discipline of opera was the lifework of a ferocious little man who once played the cello in Verdi's *Otello* under the old maestro's very eyes and saw for himself the lines of pain that marked the face of "poor Verdi." The savage screams and dictatorial rages of Cellist-Conductor Arturo Toscanini "may even have been a desire to avenge" the dead composer and, by means of a "fanatical and exhausting struggle for perfection," to achieve the "inexorable" at last.

One Man's India

THE HEART OF INDIA (332 pp.)—Alexander Campbell—Knopf (\$5).

What is India? By the judgment of the Indians themselves—from Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru down to an unemployed factory manager in Gwalior—it is an empty tomb, a looted dustbin, the shadow under the lamp; it is four parts filth and one part hypocrisy, a cow-dung country inhabited by people with a cow-dung mentality. Cries one Indian youth: "There's no depth of superstition to which Indians won't sink. We worship cows and cobras. We have eight million 'holy men,' most of them naked and all of them mad. Everything of any value was taken long ago by



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the conquerors... They took the strength from the soil, the virtue from the women, and the will power from the men. The gold is gone, the jewels gone, nothing is left but bones and a bad smell."

Leeches & Tigers. This despairing India is not the only one seen by Author Alexander Campbell, a 45-year-old Scot who did an 18-month correspondent's hitch in India and Pakistan for TIME (and now covers Japan). But it dominates a highly personalized book that makes bitterly clear how far Indian intentions outrun Indian performance, how even the monuments and pastimes of the imperial past are decayed in the ineffectual present. The Taj Mahal is here, naturally by moonlight—but so are the leechlike guides, making the night hideous as they clamorously offer to show visitors around for 10 rupees—or to go quietly away for 5. There is a tiger hunt, but also its backstage management: the twelve-year-old boys, armed with clay hand grenades loaded with gunpowder, whose job it is to flush the frightened cats from their grass-filled ravine. Vividly, Author Campbell makes the reader experience the suffocating, insect-filled heat of India, the pervasiveness of religion and sex—often in combination—the desperation of the poor and the rapacity of the rich.

Forbidden Temples. In this sort of land all but a handful of the most fervent idealists turn cynical, and only Communists consistently rejoice. Sett Rao, a hard-working, intelligent government official, who once dreamed that independent India would be "a decent country where decent people can live in decency and some dignity," now says: "I shrug; I laugh; I work. What else is there to do?" Campbell traveled with Vasagam, another government agent, who was trying to implement the Gandhian ideal of equality for the untouchables. In a typical village he saw the higher castes stand sullenly by as Vasagam led untouchables into temples and restaurants. The next day he also saw that all utensils touched by the untouchables were cast away and broken, all places they had entered were scrubbed with milk and purified. Campbell agrees with Vasagam's sighing comment: "We Indians are a remarkable people."

The Man-Eaters

A TRIBE OF WOMEN (248 pp.)—Hervé Bazin—Simon & Schuster (\$3.75).

Women and cannibals eat the same food—men. That, at any rate, is the acidulous theme of French Novelist Hervé Bazin's *A Tribe of Women*. The four women who dwell at La Fouve, a wind-swept, French provincial Manderley, are sisters to the witches in *Macbeth*. They bubble and bubble, toil and make trouble.

There is Mama Isabelle, who licks her chops over a monthly alimony check, all that is left of Hubby No. 1. Mama has two young daughters, a pudgy, harmless lunatic and a redheaded spitfire. Mama and the redhead are so close that they not only share the same name, but split it: the daughter is called Isa. and Mama,



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Belle. Finally, there is the family retainer, Nathalie, a formidable old bag of moles, chin hairs and salty folk proverbs. The four women are snug and smug; they have pooled their womanish fears to put life, as normally lived, in the wrong.

Weapons of the Unarmed. It is Belle who lets the enemy enter no man's land. She falls in love, and brings home Hubby No. 2, a tall, wan, thirtyish lawyer named Maurice. Almost instinctively, Isa, Nathalie, and the demented sister proceed to devour Maurice's peace of mind. They use the weapons of the unarmed: inertia, silence, cunning. They cough when poor Maurice lights a cigarette, cook all the dishes he detests, fall silent, as if spied on, when he enters a room.

The pinpricks are felt, but Belle is the real victim. She falls prey to a peculiarly horrifying variety of lupus, a disease that leaves her skin pocked and blotched. Nature turns the tables on 18-year-old Isa, too. As the mother fails, the daughter blooms. From Isa's great hate for Maurice blossoms, first, interest, and next, fascination. One midnight, when the slip-clad girl goes downstairs to fasten a banging door, she is waylaid by the pantherishly urgent lawyer. Next morning she tries in vain to scare up her conscience: "You have a lover. You slept with your stepfather."

Illicit by Another Name. When Isa and Maurice cannot kill their illicit love, they decide to clear its name. They call it "passion" and proceed to enjoy it. But with Belle's death, Isa feels the birthpangs of guilt ("dead . . . she divided us forever"). Isa and Maurice quarrel, Gallic-fashion, over the disposition of La Fouve. Then the women again close ranks, and that episodic intruder, man, is expelled bewildered from this strange Garden of Eves. With fitting irony, Maurice leaves Isa pregnant with a daughter to carry on the cycle of gynarchy.

Author Bazin, 47, writes sparsely or sensuously as the mood of his novel demands. His insights into feminine psychology are acute, and a book that might have succumbed to formula patness moves with a mythic interior logic. Rarely, indeed, has a mere man so well defined the dynamics of the female life drive, in which man is at once a biological necessity and an emotional luxury.

The Thick of Things

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG (169 pp.) —Frank A. Haskell—Edited by Bruce Catton—Houghton Mifflin (\$3.50).

From the Union lines, behind the stone wall on the crest of Cemetery Ridge, First Lieut. Frank A. Haskell looked down on the forming ranks of the Confederacy: "More than half a mile their front extends; more than a thousand yards the dull grey masses deploy, man touching man, rank pressing rank, and line supporting line. The red flags wave, their horsemen gallop up and down; the arms of eighteen thousand men, barrel and bayonet, gleam in the sun, a sloping forest of flashing steel. Right on they



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move, as with one soul, in perfect order, without impediment of ditch, or wall or stream, over ridge and slope, through orchard and meadow, and cornfield, magnificent, grim, irresistible."

Magnificent, grim, irresistible—these were the gaunt men in grey on the third desperate day of battle near Gettysburg, charging into history under Major General George Pickett. Their objective was the stone wall in the center of the Union lines, where Staff Lieut. Haskell and the veterans of the II Corps stood waiting, watching. It was strangely quiet: "The click of the locks as each man raised the hammer to feel with his fingers that the cap was on the nipple; the sharp jar as a musket touched a stone upon the wall when thrust in aiming over it; and the clicking of the iron axes as the guns were rolled up by hand a little further to the front, were quite all the sounds that could be heard."

Young Wisconsin Lawyer Haskell could fight—and write. He played a distinguished personal part in repelling Pickett's Charge, and weeks later, the fever of battle still hot in him, he wrote his account of Gettysburg. It is the classic of its kind. Previously snatched up in limited editions as a buff's bonanza, and quoted by virtually all scholars of the battle for its vivid closeups of the thick of things, it now comes for the first time to the popular Civil War book market. The original gets tasteful, unobtrusive editing by Bruce (*A Stillness at Appomattox*) Catton. For all Haskell's unusual talent, *The Battle of Gettysburg* was his only literary work. Just eleven months after he wrote his story of the most famous charge in U.S. history, Frank Haskell, by then a colonel, was among the 40,000 men whom Ulysses S. Grant flung headlong against the unyielding Confederate lines at Cold Harbor. He was also among the 7,000 who died.

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